

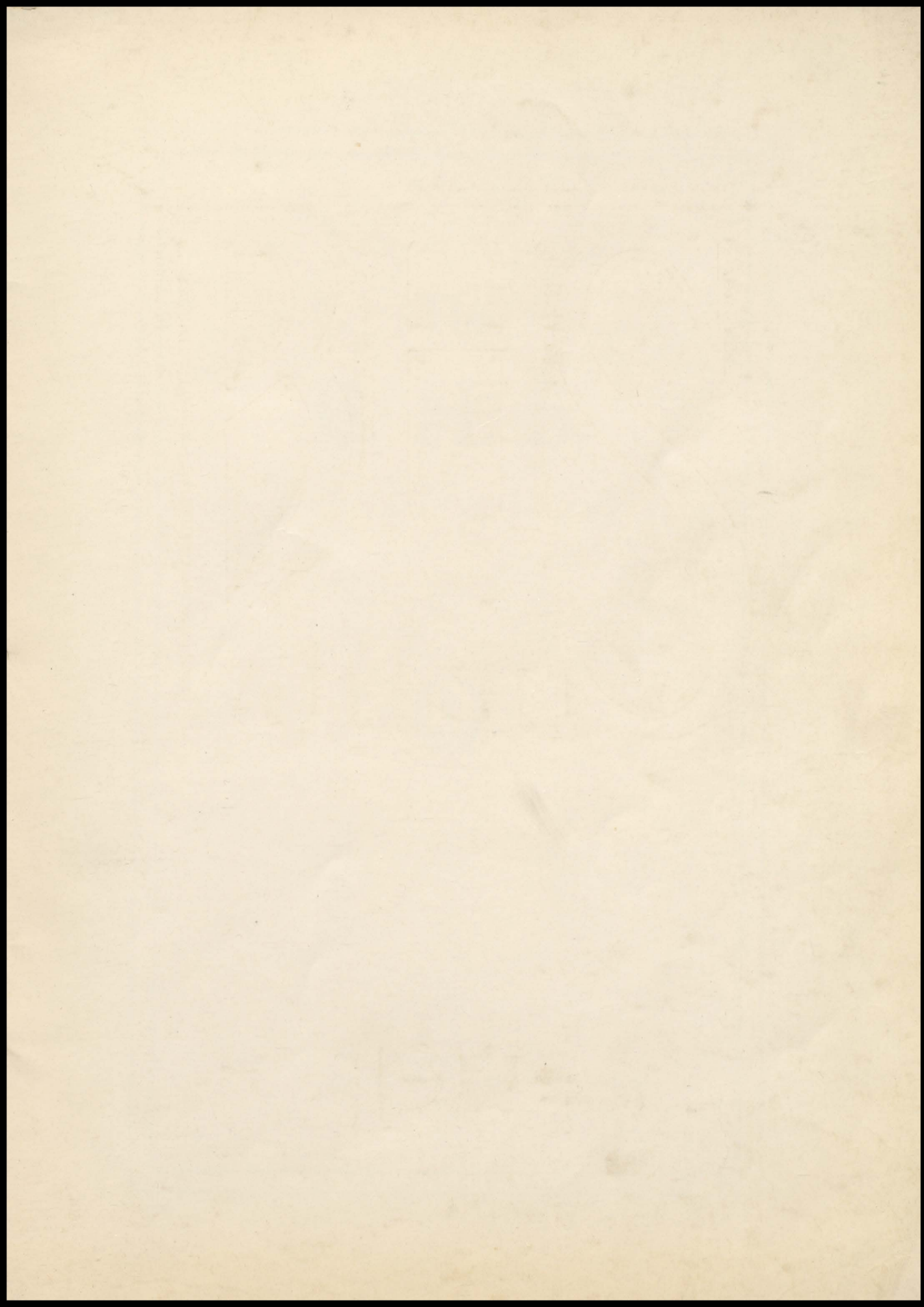
**BHS**  
**JUNE**

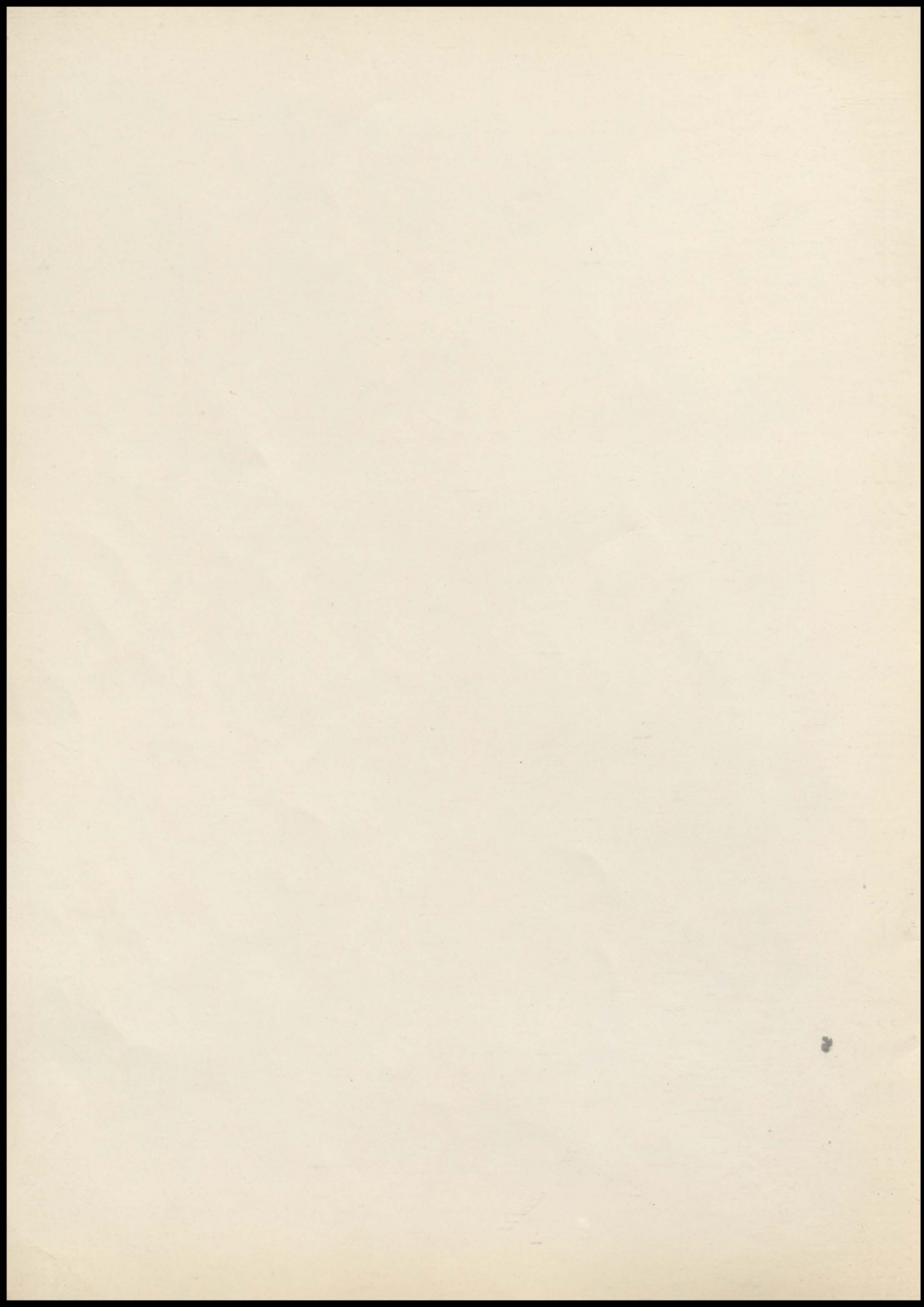
**1924**

THE  
CENTRAL

1954









The  
**B. H. S.**



PUBLISHED BY  
THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1924

To Edgar S. Stover

Who through all our High School days  
has been our friend, we  
dedicate this book







"THE ANNUAL BOARD"



## Annual Board

PAUL FRIEDMAN .....	Editor-in-Chief
CLAIRE BARNES .....	Associate Editor
ROBERT WOODWORTH .....	Associate Editor
KENNETH CATLIN .....	Advertising Manager
ERNEST CHABOT .....	Business Manager
MARGUERITE FREDERICKS .....	Art Editor

## Class Roll

President .....	WARREN DALZELL
Vice-President .....	ANNA SAUER
Secretary .....	CECILIA BILL
Treasurer .....	ERNEST CHABOT

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Ruth Gershon  
Howard Gibson  
Alice Hanley  
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Myrtle Hollenbeck  
Charles Hustler  
Edward Hughes

Florence James  
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Hilda Newman  
Edna Peters  
Marion Perkins  
Dorothy Preston  
Helen Raemsch  
Doris Sanger  
Vert Schaefer  
Warren Schoner  
Mary Strazza  
Marion Thompson  
Robert Walker  
Grace Wilcox  
Robert Woodworth.

## Honor Pupils

Hilda Newman	Robert Walker	Dorothy Colvin
Ida Garlock		Myrtle Hollenbeck

## Composite Senior



BOY

Name—Robert.  
Age—17 years, 8 months.  
Weight—142 lbs.  
Height—5.8 inches.  
Years in B. H. S.—4.  
Color of Hair—Brown.  
Wears it parted in middle.  
Color eyes—Brown.  
Gets up—7:05.  
Goes to bed—10.25.  
Size of Shoe—8 $\frac{1}{4}$ .  
Size of Hat—7 $\frac{1}{8}$ .  
Eats for Breakfast—Cereals, coffee, eggs.  
Eats for Lunch—Sandwiches.  
Studies—two hours.  
Out Door Sport—Skating, football.  
Favorite drink—H<sub>2</sub>O straight.  
Indoor Sport—Dancing, radio.  
Favorite Fruit—Banana.  
Favorite Study—Chem. Math.  
Disliked Study—Latin, Econ.  
Favorite Sundae—Choc. Walnut.  
Favorite Play—Cat and Canary.  
Favorite Food—Steak, Mushrooms.  
Favorite Actor—John Barrymore.  
Actress—Corrine Griffith.  
Ambition—M. D. and Wall Street.  
Thinks of Class—Best ever (too few boys).  
Comes from—South of Town.  
Favorite Hangout—(Home) in bed.

GIRL

Name—Helen.  
Age—17 years, 3 months.  
Weight—124 lbs.  
Years in B. H. S.—4.  
Color Hair—Brown.  
Style, Hair—Bobbed.  
Color Eyes—Brown.  
Time she gets up—6:55.  
Time she goes to bed—10.25.  
Size of Shoe—4 $\frac{1}{2}$  B.  
Eats for Breakfast—Cereal, Toast, Coffee.  
Eats for Lunch—Sandwiches, hot drink.  
Studies each night—2 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours.  
Outdoor Sport—Skating, swimming.  
Indoor Sport—Dancing.  
Favorite Drink—Water, (Ginger Ale).  
Fruit—Apple.  
Favorite Sundae—Walnut Sundae.  
Favorite food—Spaghetti and Chicken.  
Favorite Subject—Chemistry, Economics.  
Dislikes—Math., Spanish.  
Drama—Macbeth.  
Favorite Actress—Mary Pickford.  
Favorite Actor—Thomas Meighan.  
Ambition—School Teacher (Get Married).  
Thinks of Class—Best ever.  
Comes from—East of Town.  
Favorite Hang-out—Lincoln.





"Warren"

Behold the favorite son of B. H. S., the actor, the lover, and the scholar combined.

Is he not cute? Yes, but look before you leap.

Does he help us much?

No, he sings in the class trio.

Is he really an escaped duke or prince?

We can't give him away.



WARREN DALZELL

*Who is yon gay Lothario?*

"Well, you see it's this way; there were two men—"

"Anna"

Our class optimist. Her smile has turned many a blue day into a happy one for some of us boys. We thought enough of her to give her the highest office a girl can get in our class. She is also quite studious but by no means a bookworm. We highly recommend Anna as a cracker-jack saleswoman, she has a way you can't resist and used it to good advantage in selling tickets for our class play.



ANNA SAUER

*Charm strikes the sight,  
but merit wins the soul.*

"Put it in second."

"Ern"

This young man has left a trail of bankrupt and stony broke seniors behind him. If we had known he possessed the power of persuasion and force he does, we might have thought twice before making him class treasurer. However, we have to give him credit, he knows how to collect class dues, and to save the honor of the class.

He has talents in other lines, too. As an actor he took the part of "Ronnie" in our class play and was quite the ladies' man, looking the part to perfection with his "misplaced eyebrow" (mum's the word, it was borrowed).



ERNEST CHABOT

*Ah, take the cash and let  
the credit go.*

"How about your dues?"

B. H. S.

CECILIA BILL

*A little work, a little play.*

"Lend me your comb?"



"Cecilia"  
As class secretary during the past year, Cecilia has worked hard for our success. Besides keeping the minutes and roll, she attends to our class advertising, letting folks know we're alive. Cecilia is usually quiet at our meetings yet we know she can offer suggestions better than those of us who do most of the talking and we like her all the better for her retirement.

PAUL FRIEDMAN

*Oh, where and oh where  
would we be without  
Paul?*

"Here's the way it ought  
to be done."



"Paul"  
This will introduce to you Paul Friedman, if you don't know him already. Here we have a composer, musician, orator, financier, humorist, editor, and good fellow, all in one. You may wonder at the caption we gave, but nevertheless we all admit he held us together in hours of trouble. His only vices are that he sings a "near beer bass" in the class trio, and lives in "What's missing."

CLAIRE BARNES

*I have never found a limit  
for my capacity of  
work.*

"Say! now I'll tell one."



"Claire"  
Claire is a worker and a strong supporter of our class and school. As Secretary and Treasurer of the Athletic Association Claire worked hard for its success, and there certainly was plenty of that. Besides filling that important position, she still found time to be President of the Commercial Club, not to mention the fact that she was Associate Editor of this Annual. Claire sure has done her bit for B. H. S. and we think she deserves a lot of credit. Three cheers for Claire.

B. H. S.



"Bob"

Seven subjects! Yes, sir, our Bob tackled seven and made a diploma in three and one-half years with ease, so you see he's a worker. That's why he was put on the Board of Editors. He comes in, does his work in a quiet way, never argues (cept in fun). He shines in all subjects barring French and then speaks that like a vache d' espagnol.



ROBERT WOODWORTH

*Labor has a bitter root  
but a sweet taste.*

"For Christmas sakes."

"Pete"

Just what does the future hold for Pete? Will she become an actress, a politician, or an artist? Or will she write romantic love adventures, plays or scenarios? She may stoop to golf, but then her ability to argue, almost intelligently, makes us think it might be law. Petey has qualifications for them all, but she has surprised us so often we can't tell. B. H. S. will miss her.



MARGUERITE FREDERICKS

*Well fitted in arts.*

"Is my face on straight?"

"Ken"

Kenneth furnishes smiles to all the class and helps kill many a period by his witty and encouraging suggestions. Yet business is business as you would know if you watched Ken. He always gets done what he starts to do and does it well. Ken was president of our class for one year and is now President of the Chem. Club. At the end of this book you will find more results of his energy as Advertising Manager.



KENNETH CATLIN

*A prudent question is one-  
half of wisdom.*

"Can I sell you an ad?"

B. H. S.



ROBERT WALKER

*The man that blushes is  
not quite a brute.*

"That's no good at all.  
It's terrible."



MARGARET BABBITT

*She that is slow to anger  
is better than the  
mighty.*

"Two B's and two T's,  
please."



THEODORE ABRAMOWITCH

*Variety is the spice of  
life.*

"Oh, you ought to see  
what Joe did."



B. H. S.

"Bussy"

A sure all around sport. Bob has taken his four years in B. H. S. by storm, winning first honors as a scholar and highest awards as an athlete. As an actor, he was all there, starring in our senior play. Bob is off crab meat for life. Whenever he sees it, he thinks of—"Did the crab meat give you indigestion?" Too bad.

"Margie"

Rip! Zip! Bang! Boom! Don't get excited, keep your seats, this is not a college yell, there isn't any fire either. Everyone's laughing now. That was just an attempt to describe Margie as she comes into the class room on one of her rampages, but she can't scare us; we know her. It's all in fun. Margie's full o' pep, she starts things going in our class and is just the sort of girl you like to have around.

"Issy"

Issy is one of the most peaceful members of our class, the kind most desired. But to see Issy in the Glen Ridge basketball game, one would be astonished. He also plays on the other end of the line from Joe in football. Yet through it all, Issy is there with his studies, especially shorthand.

"Dot"

Let me present you to one of the "twins." Yes, Dorothy Colvin. Dot loves old B. H. S. so much that we have a hard job to get her home every afternoon. We think her favorite song must be "Linger Awhile." Of course, she doesn't linger alone, nor with her "twin." There is a supposition that Dot lingers because of the occupant of the opposite seat, but of course we really can not say. You'll have to use your judgment in the case.



DOROTHY COLVIN

*Success has many friends.*

"When do we eat?"

"Marion"

Have you waited patiently to find the other twin? Well, here she is, Marion, our little bright-eyed girl, always ready with a smile. Try as hard as you can, you'll never ruffle Marion. She's a good pal and one we'll always remember.



MARION PERKINS

*Eloquence is the child of knowledge.*

"Dot, are you coming home?"

"Frank"

Frank has upheld our class reputation in Cedar Grove and has been doing it with great success. He is small in size, but to hear him orate in Economics, or P.D., is enough to convince us of his bright future in politics. Frank is always optimistic, to be convinced, look at him.



FRANCIS DEL FOSSE

*A tongue is a good weapon.*

"Don't be foolish."

B·H·S·



OLGA FAUSEL

*Books were only invented  
to aid the memory.*

"Don't chase me, I'm  
waiting for Claire."



"Olga"

We would willingly recommend Olga to anyone for a position, or otherwise, for haven't we watched her, and been in classes with her for nearly a year? Olga only found B. H. S. a year ago and she sure does like it. Everyone knows Olga would rather study than eat, but when it comes to her favorite subjects, English and Typewriting, there's no dragging her away, that is, unless some fun's afoot.

HERBERT FISHER

*Thou art too mild—too  
mild—I pray thee  
swear.*

"Oh! I must go home."



"Herbie"

Herb comes from Brookdale (see a large map of Essex County). We have just found out Herb in his true colors. He has been so bashful and shy we almost forgot him. But "oh, boy" you should see him step out this season. Watch your step, Herb, it's Leap Year.

NETTIE DARLING

*They always think who  
never talk.*

"Fiddle-sticks!"



"Net"

Still as can be. You never hear a word from her. Even in class, if she wasn't called upon to give her opinion I don't think she would speak. Nettie is always willing to back up anything that is undertaken by the class and we all like her.

B·H·S·



"Mildred"

Mildred is a very active member of the Commercial Club. Every time they take one of their famous pilgrimages to the Big City, she helps out with her timely suggestions and presence. Some day she is going to make one long pilgrimage to the Big City and help some lone man out for life with her helpful hints. How about it, Mildred?



MILDRED FERGUSON

*Short hair is soon brushed*

*"How do you get that way?"*

"Tony"

Every class has one. What? A radio-bug, and Tony is ours, he being quite an authority on the subject. It is said Edison dreamt a lot in his youth! Well, so does Tony.

He is very proficient in his lessons and doesn't make much noise—a trait to be cultivated, ye boisterous ones! Chem is his strong subject, so you see he has the ear-marks of an inventor.



HOWARD GIBSON

*Comb down his hair, look, look, it stands upright.*

*"Who was that Jane I saw you with?"*

"Ida"

A commercial star who has distinguished herself. Ida has captured third place on the honor roll and besides is quite athletic. When Ida goes home after school, one first sees the books and, behind them, little Ida.



IDA GARLOCK

*Happiest when busiest.*

*"It's the cat's."*

B·H·S

HELEN HORAN

*Fashion is more powerful than any tyrant.*

"I'm sorry. I've promised the next dance."



"Helen"

A merry laugh and someone hustling by; then we know Helen has been and gone. She never can remain idle and is always laughing and joking. What interest would there be in English, or Chem, if Helen were not there telling all the latest news? We all know she is a good sport and whenever there's a big social event, Helen is on hand. She enjoys society not only in real life, but also on the stage. N. B.: "In the Hiring Line."

CHARLES HUSTLER

*His music is like a spear. It goes right through you.*

"Hello, there! How are you, old kid?"



"Charlie"

Charles was human until he started taking sax lessons, now he's x—!! His sax, however, has been a source of constant enjoyment to us all. Charlie has his car so well trained that it can find its way to West Orange by itself. We know he can't wait "Tillie Caesar." Another one of Charlie's accomplishments is a beautiful haircomb.

MYRTLE HOLLENBECK

*Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.*

"Oh, peaches!"



"Myrtle"

Although Myrtle captured fifth place on the honor roll, she believes in the old saying, "all work and no play is bad for any senior." She manages to get her fun out of life though, and certainly helped bring the Commercial Section of the class to a prominent position by her good work.

B. H. S.



"Alice"

Alice is so quiet that we often wonder if she is around. But she is there when it comes time for report cards. Her desk is one of the few oases of silence in the desert of noise in 105, and is a haven of refuge to those who wish to study.



ALICE HANLEY

*Great Modesty often hides  
great merit.*

"Hello! What did you  
say?"

"Eddie"

Eddie has made a big hit with one-half of our class and is well-liked by the other half. He never seems to exert himself, but still has carried five subjects most of his four years, as well as four years of Latin. Eddie is (also) a member of our class trio, singing a dandy barber tenor.



EDWARD HUGHES

*Ah! why should life all  
labor be?*

"Don't get sarcastic."

"Ruth"

Ruth is getting out in three and one-half years. Whenever there is a topic to be discussed in Economics, she is right on the job. Arguing is one of her main sports, as can be seen by anyone who is in her classes. When she once gets an idea into her head "all the King's horses and all the King's men" can't drive it out. Good enough!



RUTH GERSHON

*Red as a rose is she.*

"What's the point?"

B·H·S



FLORENCE JAMES

*Show me a happier girl  
than she.*

"That's a lot of bunk."



"Flo"

Florence absolutely refuses to let hard work worry her. She has a sunny disposition that is contagious. Her part in the class play as cook showed wonderful possibilities, judging by appearances, especially the canned soup.

HERBERT KARRASH

*A little nonsense now and  
then is relished by the  
best of men.*

"Oh, now watch this  
one."



"Herb"

The dazzling footlights have claimed another victim. Herb fell while in the senior play, but he went willingly and made a big hit as he appeared on the stage with a form that would make any butler sigh with envy. Behind the scenes he wasted no time and soon we expect to see his new vaudeville act. Karrash has just finished his book "The Dangers of Abyssianian Polo," written during lunch period.

CARRIE HETZELL

*A twig in time becomes  
a tree.*

"Oh, that test was terrible."



"Carrie"

Any time you go to 205 you'll see Carrie there working, but if you think she always grinds, perish the thought. She uses books in school, but seldom takes them home. Carrie's little but oh, my! You should see her squeeze a head when there's a run on the cafeteria.

B·H·S

"Audrey"

Aud is quite small, but good things come in small packages. She wants to be a dancer, but who knows how far she'll get considering that she never practices on Wednesday nights.



AUDREY KIMBER

*Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.*

"It makes me—no, never mind."

"Dick"

A snappy car and a good head are Dick's assets. He sure knows how to use the latter. Dick has only been with us about a year but we have already felt his presence in all our class activities. The ladies don't seem to bother him much, because his car is always loaded with them going and coming.



RICHARD LUFF

*A man of sense talks little and listens less.*

"The king was greatly pleased."

"Helen"

Helen is noted for her good nature. Nothing can or will excite her to any degree. She also goes in for deep thinking, helping us solve our Economics problems of every nature. Otherwise, she is quiet and of a studious kind, that is, what we know of her in school.



HELEN LEVANDOSKI

*On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.*

"Oh, I hate this period."

B·H·S·



FRANCES MORRISON

*A fair face will get its  
praise even though the  
owner keep silent.*

"Gotcha math. to-day?"



"Frances"

Frances has not been with us all four years in High School, but we are glad she came because she is the only sensible girl in the class. She likes math!! Surprising, yet 'tis true. Shyness and sincerity are her outstanding characteristics. Her lessons always show the result of hard labor and she stands out with shining lights. Chemistry holds no fears for Frances.

GORDON MILLER

*Faint heart ne'er won fair  
lady.*

"Let's give a go."



"Gordon"

If Gordon stars in the business world the way he did in school, he'll surely come out on top. He has gained fame as a Commercial student and has a command of the Spanish language that is alarming, but Gordon's quiet, so we're saved.

HILDA NEWMAN

*I would rather excel in  
knowledge than in pow-  
er.*

"Wait half an hour."



"Hilda"

Hilda has had a famous High School career. Besides carrying off second place on the honor roll, she is treasurer of the Spanish Club. Some day she will make a big splash in the business world; she's hurrying that way now, taking long fast strides. Well, Hilda never did take a back seat.

B·H·S



"Dot"

One of our most good-natured girls is Dorothy, quiet and unobtrusive in every way. She is going to have her hands full some day soon making senior material out of kindergarten children. Wouldn't we like to start school all over again when she commences teaching? Dot has joined the rank and file of pretty bobbed-haired lassies, too.



DOROTHY PRESTON

*When both the teacher  
and the taught are  
young.*

"Aw, gwan, you don't  
realize it."

"Joe"

Joe furnishes plenty of laughter and mirth for all the class. He fairly radiates optimism. We know that he spends his afternoons practicing, for he has won a "B" in every sport, but what does he do with his evenings? (None of our business anyway). Joe is a part of the "Gold Dust Twins."



JOSEPH MERCURIO

*When ignorance is bliss,  
'tis folly to be wise.*

"You ought to see what  
Issy did."

"Mary"

Mary has dark eyes and wavy hair, that accounts for it. What? Why she never walks to school in the morning. Mary is good in her studies and has compiled a good record, finishing her high school course in three and one-half years. A positive proof.



MARY STRAZZA

*Knowledge is an equivalent to force.*

"How do you get that  
way?"

·B·H·S·

EDNA PETERS

*Patience is a necessary ingredient.*

"Jiminey Crickets."



"Edna"

Our Edna is a quiet bashful girl, but she won't be that way long because she works behind a typewriter. We know that very soon she'll be "Somebody's Stenog" and brighten up the office of some lucky, poor, tired business man with her cute little smile.

EDWARD MARONEY

*Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou my Romeo?*

"Perfectly absurd."



"Ed"

Imagine a carefree, smiling senior, full o' pep and ambition. Now look at the picture, 'tis Eddie. Ed's the man that sets the styles for us boys in B. H. S., and since Rip Van Winkle went away he's been trying to play a lone hand. The girls won't let him though, and it's a common sight to see him speeding up Broad Street with a "Flivver" full. More power to you, Ed.

HELEN RAEMSCH

*Pleasure and action make the hours seem shorter.*

"OOOOooooohh!!!!"



"Helen"

Helen doesn't say much but when she speaks everyone hops. Lessons don't worry her either, because she can get through without studying. She doesn't appear to be a bluffer, but you know they say, "Looks are deceiving."

B·H·S·



"Doris"

If you want to convince someone, call on Doris: her smile will win any one. Doris is a society girl; she always comes in late in the morning and has quite a list of good excuses at her command. She made a big hit in our class play as "Pansy."



DORIS SANGER

*Beauty itself doth of itself persuade.*

"Isn't that darling."

"Warren"

Warren is a likable fellow; he is always ready to lend a helping hand. As stage manager of our play he was a big success, yet he could use some of his surplus energy on his studies. Warren is an accomplished mechanic; you should see him fix cars and work in Physics Lab.



WARREN SCHONER

*Great men are not always wise.*

"Let's eat."

"Vera"

Vera is never late because she can fall out of bed into B. H. S. Her falling doesn't injure her appearance—she always looks as if a band box was her home. When Vera finishes Normal School we will all want to be the teacher's pet again.



VERA SCHAFER

*Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom.*

"I've got something in my eye."

B. H. S.

MARIAN THOMPSON

*There is no power in the  
tongues of man to alter  
me.*

"Oh, for heavenly days!"



CHARLES FAIRWEATHER

*There was me, and the  
cook and the captain  
bold, and the mate of  
the Nancy brig.*

"When I was on board  
the ship—"



GRACE WILCOX

*Brief as a broken song.*

"Gracious me."



B·H·S·

"Marian"

Yet another actress, and this one is the most famous and natural of them all. She displays her talent to perfection, both on the stage and in the classroom. How do you do it, Marian? Marian wrote the words to our Class Song. These stirring lines gave the inspiration to our sentimental composer just as she herself has inspired the rest of us with class spirit. Marian is also one of the leaders in our social world. She's President of the French Club, too.

"Charlie"

Charles left us not so long ago to see the world. After six trips to China, five to Africa and three to France, he came back a sophisticated young man. He was quiet for a while and then his papa bought him a little red Buick (very late model). Now he has decided to "See America First." His adventures were very exciting and he burned up many of our dull periods with anecdotes of them.

"Grace"

Grace shines without many words. Her lessons are always prepared well. She does plenty of studying but she still has time for her share of fun in class.



"Marie" and "Clementine"

These two are inseparable. It is seldom, if ever, one is seen without the other, but, if by chance this should occur it would be considered an "Eighth Wonder." They even do each other's Chem. experiments, write each other's excuses, not to mention eating each other's lunches. What more proof could be desired of a tried and true friendship?

Clementine is quiet and demure, while Marie is care-free and gay. What one lacks the other supplies, so they make a mighty good team.

It's just a year since they came to us from Belleville High, and now they are true daughters of old B. H. S., singing her praises along with the rest of us.

"Our Class Teacher"

Miss Smith has always been one of us. Throughout our whole Senior year she has shared our joys and woes. We appreciate all she has done for us and know we will be better for having known her.

Miss Smith teaches English and makes the study of it a pleasure. What would we have done without her? Ever-ready with a helping hand, a cheerful word and beaming countenance.



CLEMENTINE MAIORAN

*An old friend is better  
than two new ones.*

"What's the use."



MARIE CARDAMONE

*A penny's worth of mirth  
is worth a pound of  
sorrow.*

"Can't let it pass."



MISS ANN SMITH

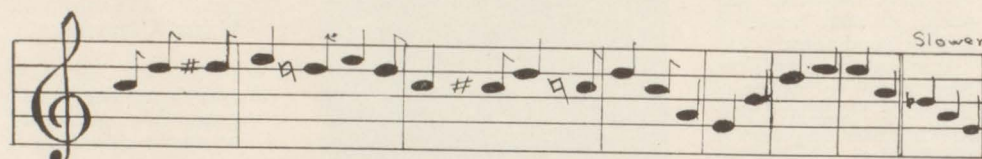
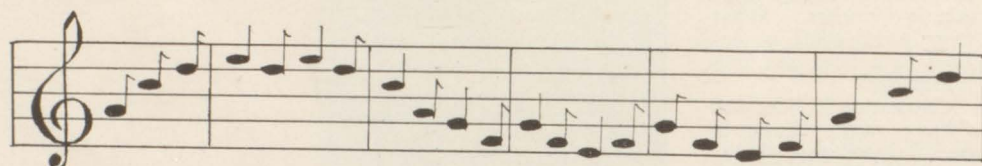
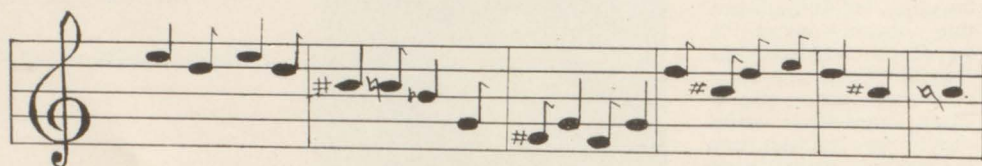
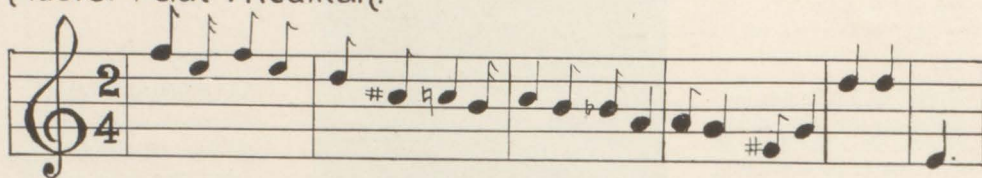
*The love of learning, the  
sequestered nooks,  
And all the sweet seren-  
ity of books.*

"Well, that's that."

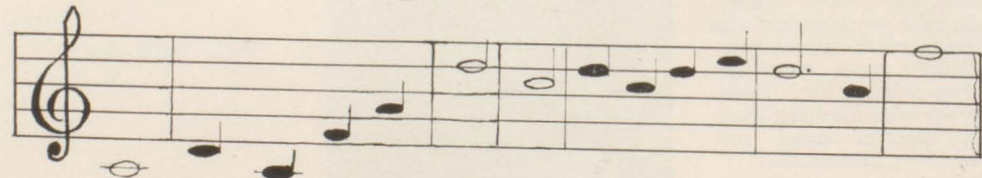
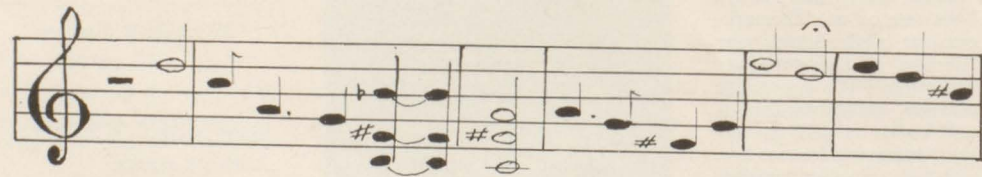
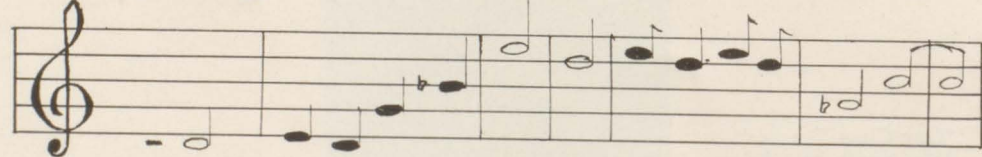
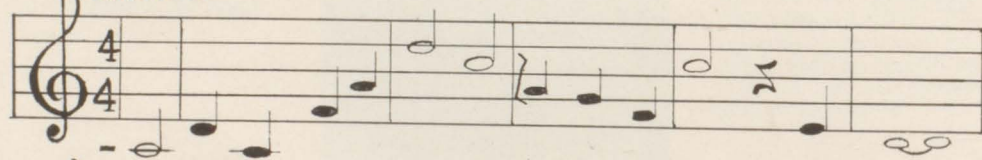
B. H. S.

# Class Song

Music: Paul Friedman.



## CHORUS





## Class Song

Time has come for us to leave you now  
Old Bloomfield High we hate to say good-bye.  
You have tried to help and teach us how  
To make our hopes and aims reach to the sky.  
We must go and carry out the things  
That have been planned and set for us to do.  
And though the years just seem to pass on wings  
Old Bloomfield High we will sing to you.

### CHORUS

We always will remember  
Our days at Bloomfield High  
And from that first September  
How quickly time did fly.  
Now we must be leaving  
Friends and classmates also.  
Though all of us are grieving  
Dear Bloomfield we have to go.

*Words by Marian Thompson.*

## School Song

Melody: "Cheer for Amherst"

Come and sing, all ye Bloomfield girls and boys,  
Come and give a rousing cheer!  
Join our line as we march along so fine  
With hearts that have no fear.  
Forward then, 'neath the Gray and Red,  
We will march in bold array.  
So let everybody shout and sing,  
For this is Old Bloomfield's day.

### Chorus:

Cheer for Old Bloomfield! Bloomfield must win!  
Fight to the finish! Never give in!  
All play your best, boys; we'll do the rest, boys,  
Fight for the victory!

True we stand to our Alma Mater grand,  
Loyal children one and all,  
Firm and leal, our hearts as true as steel  
Faithful to her every call.  
Long may it wave over all her children brave,  
Her banner proud and gay.  
So let cheer on cheer ring out on the air,  
For this is Old Bloomfield's day.

### Chorus:

## Prize Winning Story

### Tragedy of the Kremlin

It was while I was searching for an old first edition of *Percyaslavl*, in one of the many old book shops at the lower end of the Kitay-Gorod, the literary section of Moscow, that I first saw Serge Feodorovitch. I saw at once that he was no ordinary man and inwardly I yearned to know him better. My wish was gratified, when, about a month later, we quite accidentally happened to be fellow travelers in the same compartment of the train to Tver. Here we formed an acquaintance that to me was intensely interesting, and evidently to him also, for on our parting at our destination he requested that on my return to Moscow, I call on him.

Consequently, some two weeks later, returning to Moscow, I lost no time in looking up my new friend. Arriving at the address he had given me previously, which proved to be a rather inconspicuous apartment building on the Tverskaya, I found him in a rather melancholy mood. His cordial welcome, nevertheless, only strengthened my previous judgment of him. Our friendship as I had hoped, grew steadily and after continued association for nearly six weeks, it seemed no soul could alter our mutual affection of one man to another. It had come as a blessing to me for at the time I had had a quarrel with my brother, which discontinued our association and left me disheartened and ill at ease.

It was a hot afternoon in late August when I climbed rather wearily up the steps to Serge's apartment, tried the door without knocking, and, finding it open, walked in. Then, very clumsily I stumbled over one of Serge's antiques, and fell striking my knee on the floor.

"Oh God, man! now what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing Serge, it was only I; just bumped my knee a bit."

"Yes, but you don't know—you can't know. It will all be so terrible."

I found Serge slouched back in his big arm chair a ghastly hollow look in his eyes.

"Serge, Serge," I shouted, "what is it, tell me, tell me what has happened?"

"Heaven only knows, Claude, may the gods be lenient. Do as I tell you now and may I have failed utterly."

With the last, Serge came to the floor on his knees, lifting his arms heavenward in mute repose. He was up in a moment, a much changed man.

"Now, Claude," he said, "do this, and please do it with all your haste and forethought." "Up to the Kremlin, St. Uspenskiy tower—go and see if a crowd has gathered; if so, find for what, and come to me with what you have heard and seen, sparing no details."

What was it all about? A thousand thoughts ping-ponged through my mind. Truly Serge was acting strangely, but my nature was too curious to drop matters now. I would go to the Kremlin, even though I felt positive that Serge was suffering an hallucination.

I had hastily boarded a tram car, realizing afterward my folly in not having called a quicker means of conveyance. But now I was just coming clear of my thoughts. Mine was the next stop, then over a block to St. Uspenskiy tower. Wasn't it foolish? Probably it would stand there in all its majestic beauty with never a sign of disorder, just as it always had, with only a few lolling loiterers on the walks about its base.

There was something in what Serge had said. I found myself running now. A huge crowd had gathered as he had told me. I caught a glimpse of the white coat of an ambulance surgeon, flashing conspicuously against the black side of his equipage.



I gathered from one who had seen all, that a gentleman, apparently possessed with extreme courage, had approached the base of the tower, shed his coat and waistcoat and with seeming care proceeded the ascent of the tower from without, gaining his foothold on various crevices and projecting stones and adornments. A great crowd had gathered in the meantime and several of the constabulary were entreating with him to descend. To their protestations he paid no heed, continuing upward in his miraculous feat. It was no time before he reached the cornice marking the central section of the tower. Here though, he faltered, the people stood back aghast, he was grasping violently to what his shaking hands could touch; and then in a swirling motion, lost all balance and plunged downward to the pavement, a limp heap of broken bones, spattered with blood.

Now I gathered, seemingly, all of the details, except the name of the man. He was known by no one with whom I talked and, if any details were known by the police or ambulance surgeons, they refused to comment, giving for an excuse that further investigation was necessary before they could disclose any details. Any possible identification by myself was impossible, inasmuch as the blood bespattered corpse was mutilated beyond all possible recognition.

Obviously, therefore, my next move was to rush back to Serge with what I had found. But this I hesitated to do. My mind was in rather of a turmoil, things had happened so oddly; my course, therefore was to walk to the apartment. In the time it would take there would be sufficient opportunity for me to single out the details, that I might present them collectedly.

What a swarm of thoughts ran through my disordered brain now. How of all things had Serge known? It was obvious he had known some tragedy had occurred and to that exact spot he had directed me, but judging from the time, the accident must have happened very near if not even while I was conversing with Serge, on the occasion of my clumsy entrance. At all events there certainly had not been time for anyone to notify him. With these thoughts pervading my mind you can imagine (I doubt whether you can or not, not having seen Serge the few minutes before I left on my tragic errand) with what perplexed reluctance I once again climbed those wearisome steps to the apartment. Now I hesitated before the door; not a sound came from within. My heart turned—it was all so confounded uncanny. In a stroke of boldness, however, I had turned the knob and entered, I must now see this thing through, my curiosity had once more bettered my conscious self.

Apparently Serge had not moved since I left, for he sat before me now with that glassy look of fear, mingled with restraint.

"Can it be true?" he said. "Tell me I have failed. Tell me, Claude, tell me quick. Oh God! Can't you speak?" The last was fairly shouted.

I lost no time, I was fairly trembling, as in agony. I told the dreadful details of what had happened.

Never before had such a moment, as that following my story, seemed so ghastly. Serge's appearance having altered to one of even more terrific aspect. It was apparent he was going through an internal struggle to gain the upper hand over his emotions. I was virtually suffering, by now, an almost similar state and would, I am sure, have broken down from the strain, had it not been for the tinkling of the telephone bell at that instant, which revived me sufficiently to answer. I was told that this was the wrong number. Turning again I found Serge apparently relieved a bit. He desired to retire, however.

At his request I spent the night in his apartment. It was many hours before I dozed off, my thoughts as yet unrelieved to my previous curiosity and wondering at the singular effect of the event on Serge. Under the circumstances it was apparent that I must wait until morning at least before my many reflections would be put at ease. In no way could I see any connection between Serge and this tragic happening. Truly he must be suffering a sub-conscious disorder, for had he not begged and even pleaded with me to tell him he had failed. Failed in



what? It was with such a barrage of undecipherable questions in my brain that I was attempting to rest.

It was nearing ten o'clock when Serge awakened me. He was considerably more composed than he had been on the previous evening. Truly it seemed to me he must be a remarkable man, to overcome his emotions so quickly. It was the old Serge now, the one I had known before.

At breakfast he revealed to me his intentions of visiting the morgue, on the morning, and promised if I were to accompany him, to explain the matter of my curiosity fully.

Consequently, after we had started at a brisk walk down the Kuznetsky-Most, to our morbid destination, Serge fulfilled his promise.

I can almost hear Serge talking to me now as I write and therefore in order that I may more naturally convey to you his exact words, I have chosen to put down his story just as I heard it myself.

"You see, Claude, for many years now I have been an interested student of mesmerism, and recently through an idea of mine, my attentions were turned toward mental telepathy. I felt that I had quite perfected both and therefore could try with sufficient security my plan. I concluded that it should be possible for me to magnetize, through the use of mental telepathy as a conveyer and therefore eliminated any physical contact with the subject of my experiment. Unknown to anyone, I picked at random a gentleman from the Alexander Garden, one evening, whom I shadowed for several days to learn his customs and habits. His name and residence however I neglected to discern. I then felt that I might begin my experiment. For three days I concentrated deeply. My object and that for which I was working was that my subject was to come to my apartment. I was rewarded on the third day by his appearance. Now I felt that he was in my control perfectly. I had magnetized him, so now the control lay directly in the further efficiency of the mental telepathy. His actions were guided constantly by me in this manner for an entire week. It was at my will that he ate, slept, worked and amused himself. I became quite enthusiastic over my success and looked about for some abnormal task that I might require my puppet to perform. Perhaps Claude, you can understand the rest."

I did, except that I wondered why his control had failed at such a critical moment. And why of all things had Serge picked such a ridiculously horrible deed for his subject to perform?

We had reached the morgue at this moment. Serge had not disclosed the intentions of the trip here, but it soon was apparent he had come to view the victim of the preceding day's tragedy. After some questioning we were led to the interior chamber. The body was as I had seen it before, beyond any possible recognition of facial characteristics. Serge pondered over the still form and asked the officer what developments had been made on the case.

The only key, it seems, was a ring, and this Serge examined; not interesting him particularly he afterwards handed it to me.

It was my brother's ring!

I was grief stricken beyond words, now I loathed and hated this Serge who stood beside me. Such a world he had deprived me of by his incomparable folly. The brute of him. The passion I would enjoy in feeling my fingers grasp succulently about his greasy neck. They ached—grappled nothing in the air. Something was holding them back, something. Then I saw, it all came to me in an instant. The memory of it has racked my brain, haunted it, driven me nearly to the point of insanity. For all these years it incessantly remains, a constant reminder of just one moment of thoughtless action. It was my uncere-monious entry into Serge's apartment that had caused the break in the control, resulting in my brother's unearthly death.

I fled from Moscow and Russia, never again to return. I would not make Serge's life miserable with the revelation. For myself I find no retribution, but struggle daily my life as a conscious murderer.



## Prologue



*Admitting the fact that there are others in high school besides seniors, we have as proof, gentle readers, inserted the following pages for your consideration.*

*In giving credit where credit is due, it is a necessity that we acknowledge our debt to the faculty, for their trials and hardships in trying to instill in us, the latest and best of modern ideas.*



H. R. Kochler



C. L. Ross



M. D. Fay



E. J. Lawrence



O. R. Smiley



J. F. Decker



E. S. Stover



R. A. Docker



R. M. Miller



F. L. Andrews



O. M. Ferguson



O. O. Malraff



L. E. Babbell



M. Fraale



H. D. Hough



R. W. Kunkle



A. P. Thomas



M. Klein

Faculty





A. F. Kehler



M. J. Walls



S. J. Smith



E. Schubert



J. P. Maybin



C. E. Schaeffer



S. Morris



V. B. Safford



W. R. Foley



H. J. Thorpe



K. Williams



J. E. Fitzgerald



F. M. Smith



J. C. Salisbury



H. D. Crosby



J. DeKarl



V. H. Cady



R. C. Hearn

1924



SENIOR B CLASS





# SENIOR

## NEVER TROUBLE LESSONS

*Apologies to St. Clair Adams.*

I used to hear a saying,  
That had a deal of pith,  
It furnished me a cheerful smile  
To face the teacher with,  
Especially when marks  
Seemed doomed to go askew  
'Twas "Never trouble lessons,  
Till lessons trouble you."

Not tests at hand, those coming  
Are hardest to resist,  
Some approach like giants,  
Math comes on this list.  
But big tests in the brewing  
Are small things in the brew,  
So never trouble lessons  
Till lessons trouble you.

I like to sit and think of you  
Who cause me much reflection  
But don't act so embarrassed  
'Cause it isn't with affection.

I often wonder what you'll be  
You who are in the dark,  
I'll love you if you suit me  
'Cause you're my English mark.

It was dark--oh dark in the hallway,  
Where he met and daringly kissed her.  
He bethought him with penitent air to say,  
"Oh, I thought you were my sister."

He took her hand and pardon pled,  
"I expected to meet but missed her."  
"Don't mention it," she sweetly said,  
Great Scott! It was his sister.

## A Study of Study-hall Studies

*With Apologies to Walt Mason.*

As I sat in the study hall I looked around the room. Some folks were looking happy, while others were plunged in gloom. I guessed from their expressions, some thoughts from out their minds; from which I saw quite easily that they were of different kinds. First I saw a dreamer, a youth, perhaps sixteen; thoughts of home runs, "Babe" Ruth, baseball, were surging through his brain. Next I saw a worried expression settled on a face; mayhap in the next period a crucial test took place. A student next attracted me, his face was good to see; either he or a girl he loved had just received a "B." A dreamer then of a different kind arrested my roving gaze; he was thinking his future out, maybe his college days. A comedian then did my eyes look upon, he was wearing a mischievous grin; he brightened those round him with his pranks and his innocent sin. On my left, first subdued and then louder, then louder than before, a blonde head was bobbing, an increasingly startling snore. As I settled down to enjoy a brief rest, I heard a voice chock full of fear; an unlucky youth, cutting periods I 'pine, Mr. Stover had grabbed by the ear. And now (not to bore you but rather be brief), the bell rang and we all filed out in relief.

JAMES HAMPTON.



JUNIORS





# JUNIOR

## A Question

He wants to be naughty, but he wants to be nice  
He doesn't like water, but he thinks he'd like ice,  
He wants to do what the other boys do  
To flirt and neck, and bill and coo.  
To shave his whiskers and slick down his hair,  
Wear tight belts, B. V. D. underwear;  
To smoke cigarettes like a house on fire,  
To be able to drive a car on hire;  
To be able to take out the fastest girl,  
To live going, going, all in a whirl,  
But there's a hitch, his dear old mother—  
Then he's an example to that kid brother.  
There's the old-fashioned girl back home—  
He guesses he'll leave all this froth alone,  
He doesn't care much about pepper and spice;  
He wants to be naughty but he wants to be nice.

A POOR JUNIOR.

## How to Get the Best Results

Always try to be a little tardy for each class, this delays the work and puts the teacher in the best of humor.

Don't bother about doing home work. The teacher only gives it for those who like to do it.

Don't be selfish and take all the high marks away from the other fellow. Give him a chance to sleep in class as you have done.

When a member of the faculty lectures you for ringing the fire bell, or some similar offense, smile and pat him playfully on the back to show him that you take it in the right spirit.

When you take a test, ask the teacher for a loan of her knowledge, she will be glad to give it to you.

If you follow these instructions I guarantee that you will get a diploma in nine years or possibly eight and one-half.

## Lecture to a Suspended Pupil

Wherefore rejoice, what teacher sent ye home,

What circumstances follow ye here;

You block, you stone, you worse than senseless thing,

Know you not Stover?

Many a time and oft, have you climbed to walls, and building,

Your books in your arms,

And there have sat, the live long day, with patient expectation,

To see the children coming home from school.

"Be gone! to school," fall upon your knees,

Pray to Stover to forgive you this time and forever more.

Julius Caesar. (Brutus's speech to mob.)





SOPHOMORES





# SOPHOMORE

## Flip Flappology

There are sophomores who are pretty,  
 There are sophomores who are witty  
 There are sophomores who are worth their weight in gold.  
 These flappers all are youthful,  
 And of course they all are truthful,  
 But the latest thing for them is always old.  
 There are sophomores who are wealthy,  
 There are sophomores who are melty,  
 There are those who do not drink or so 'tis said,  
 There are sophomores who are slender  
 There are sophomores who are tender  
 There are sophomores who are angels,  
 But they are dead.

GERTRUDE SANOK.

Mr. Crosby one school day,  
 In elocution class did say,  
 "Boys and girls, I've had a dream,  
 Which very, very true did seem,  
 I dreamt our honorable Miss Decker  
 Was heading the crew of a trolley car wrecker,  
 And that our gentle Miss Hough  
 Has turned farmerette and was pushing a plow,  
 While Miss Smith has learned the knack  
 O' being an expert steeple-jack,  
 And Mr. Andrus has the dope  
 How to be a model for Palm Olive Soap.  
 There was Miss Russell—I took a look  
 She was in Child's restaurant, as their head cook!"  
 "That is enough," the class did shout,  
 "If you say any more we will put you out!"

## "A Petting Party"

"On the porch we sat alone, only the moon  
 Could see. The vital spark that passed  
 Between her lovely neck and me.  
 I slip my fingers down her chin  
 I rubbed her dainty shoulder, and felt her  
 Sleek and creamy back, for I was growing bolder.  
 She cuddled up into my arms,  
 My banishments abetting;  
 Our handsome grey-eyed Maltese cat  
 Is very fond of petting."

Philosophers, I ask of you  
 How does it happen so,  
 That the teacher always asks me  
 For the part that I don't know?

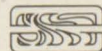
## Characteristics of the Classes

The Seniors are a merry crowd,  
 Never humble, always proud.

The Juniors are the studious bunch,  
 But just watch them run to lunch.

The Sophomores are the little fools,  
 Think they know the High School rules.

The Freshmen are inquisitive, green,  
 Seldom heard, but always seen.





FRESHMEN





# FRESHMAN

## Just Before the First Report

*With Apologies to Sullivan.*

One day while seated in study  
With everyone silent with fear  
I perceived a shadow above me,  
And I knew Mr. Stover was near.

He took me to that hateful den  
Located across the hall,  
And to me, a poor little Freshman,  
He looked very fierce and tall.

Then how I wished for my mother  
(How must I have looked at him)  
As my knees caressed one another  
For his visage was austere and grim.

Then he threatened to phone to my parents—  
My face grew white with fear,  
But I drew myself together, and told him  
That I would pass every subject this year.

This seemed to please him nicely,  
And I knew that all was well;  
So he told me to go to my next class  
And it was time for the second bell.

## "The Day is Done"

*With Apologies to Longfellow.*

The day had begun for the Freshman,  
As he wended his schoolward way,  
He was looking decidedly happy,  
And feeling exceedingly gay.

He hopped from the bus with great swiftness,  
In front of the High School door,  
But alas! the clock on the steeple,  
Was pointing to 8:24.

He made his way to the office,  
To hear what his doom would be,  
But alas! he heard Miss Decker,  
Say, "Stay till a quarter of three.

Yes, school had begun for the Freshman,  
But the sun did not seem so bright,  
For he flunked in his Math recitation  
That he knew by heart just last night.

At lunch-time he searched for his lunch-box,  
He'd forgotten to bring it to school,  
So he went out to "Poe's" on the corner,  
Though he knew he was breaking a rule.

He tried to sneak up the boy's stairway,  
He had wedged a big stick in the door,  
But he bumped against Mr. Stover  
Who said, "Stay until quarter past four."

Of course, he was caught, "doing talking,"  
He had gone unobserved until now,  
So upon the platform he wandered,  
'Twas not his first offense, I avow.

The day was done and the Freshman  
Wended his homeward way,  
He was feeling exceedingly bothered,  
And not at all happy and gay.

It was dark, it was late, he was tired,  
Oh! life was all very mean!  
But of course for all this there's a reason,  
It was Friday, October 13.

## Who's Who

Robert Walker	Most popular	Helen Horan
Warren Dalzell	Best all around	Dorothy Colvin
Warren Dalzell	Most obliging	Marguerite Fredericks
Robert Walker	Most athletic	Ida Garlock
Edward Maroney	Neatest dresser	Vera Schaefer
Edward Maroney	Laziest	Nettie Darling
Robert Walker	Best looking	Marian Thompson
Robert Walker	Most conceited	Marian Thompson
Paul Friedman	Class orator	Marian Thompson
Warren Dalzell	Most care-free	Helen Horan
Kenneth Catlin	Biggest bluffer	Marian Thompson
Gordon Miller	Most studious	Hilda Newman
Ernest Chabot	Best mixer	Doris Sanger
Herbert Fisher	Class baby	
Ernest Chabot	Sheik	
	Vamp	Helen Horan
Howard Gibson	Quietest	Alice Hanley
Paul Friedman	Noisiest	Marian Thompson
Paul Friedman	Best class worker	Claire Barnes
Kenneth Catlin	Wittiest	Marguerite Fredericks
Edward Hughes	Best dancer	Dorothy Colvin
Charles Hustler	Best hair-comb	Vera Schaefer
	Actress	Marian Thompson
Warren Dalzell	Actor	

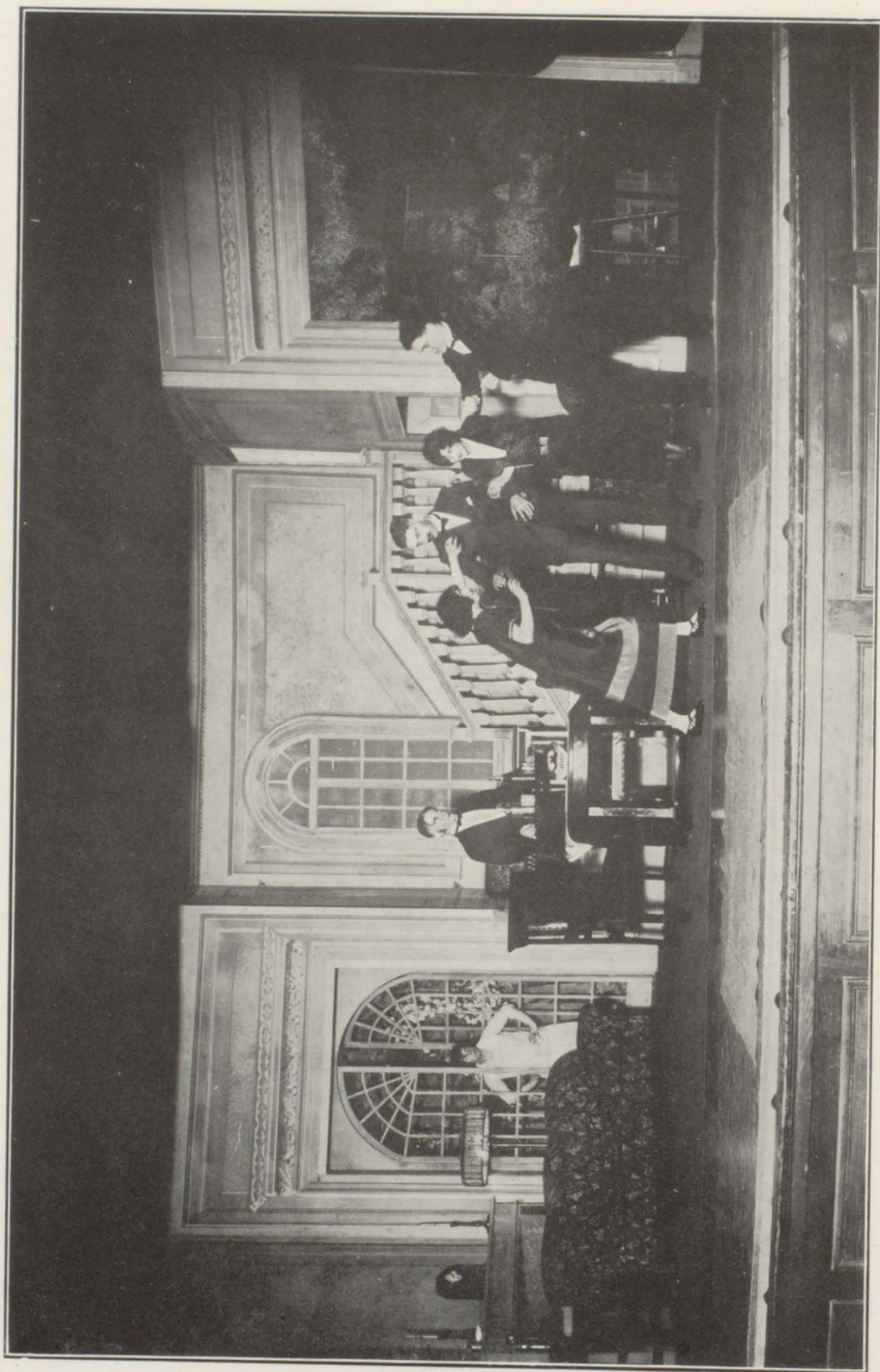
## Book Reports

"Our Mutual Friend"	Mr. Stover
"The Flirt"	H. Horan
"Anne's House of Dreams"	H. Fisher
"Galusha, the Magnificent"	H. Gibson
"Wee Willie Winkie"	C. Hustler
"The Little Minister"	H. Karrash
"The Noble Women"	C. Barnes
"Emmy Lou"	F. Morrison
"Scaramouche"	E. Chabot
"Castle Blair"	Room 105
"New Arabian Nights"	Class of June, '24
"The Turmoil"	Week of finals
"The Newcomers"	Miss Cardimone and Miss Mioran
"Innocents Abroad"	After Graduation
"Stones of Venice"	Red marks on report card
"The Choir Invisible"	Choral Class
"The Slowcoach"	The Crosstown Car
"The Medal of Honor"	R. Walker



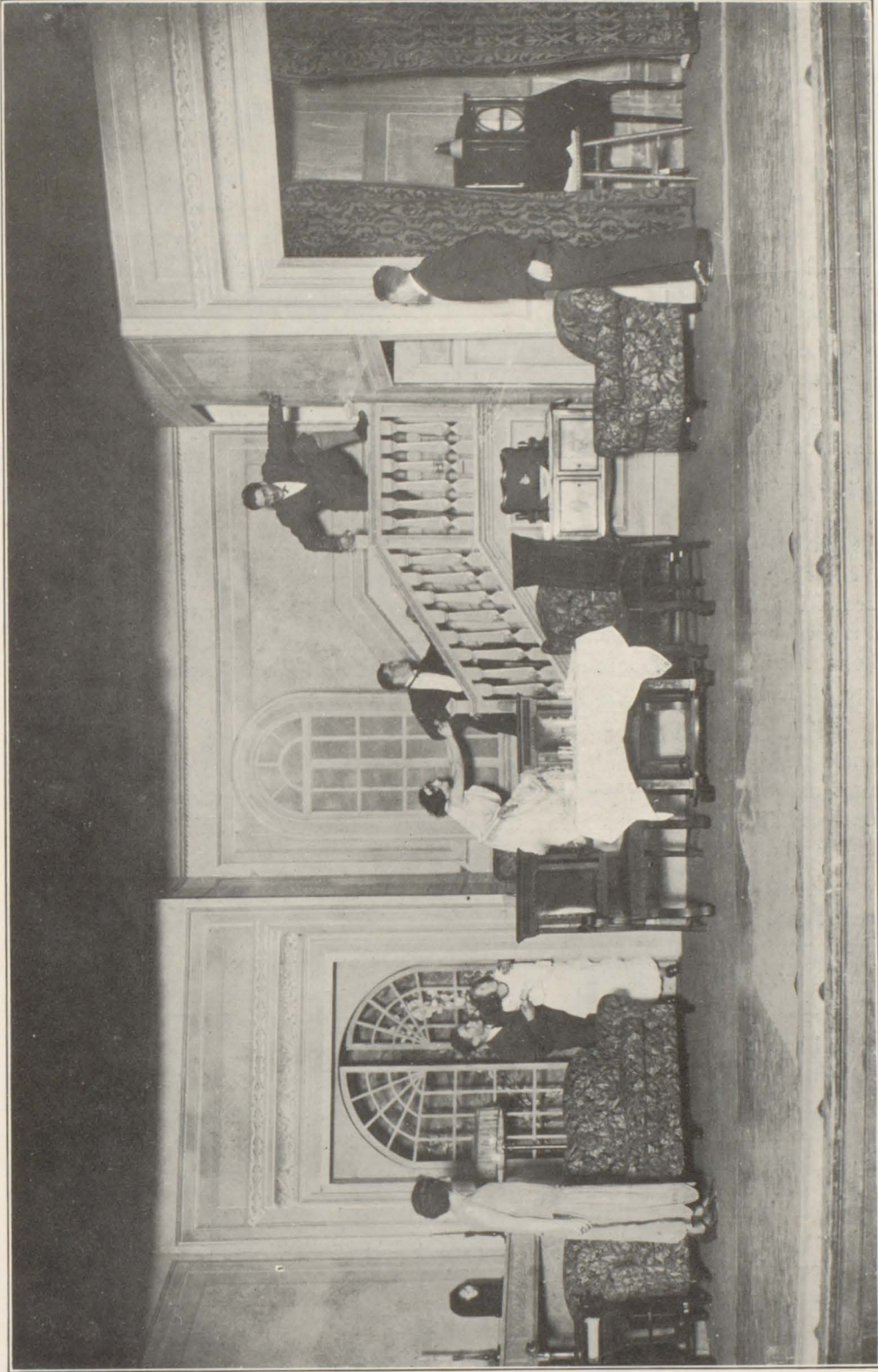


# DRAMATICS



"YOU WRETCH"





"I'LL GET IT OUT OF HIM IF I HAVE TO STRANGLE HIM"

## On the Hiring Line

"On the Hiring Line," one of the best comedies in recent years on the great "White Way," was taken from the Broadway limelight and presented in the Bloomfield gas light by the Senior A Class on the night of March 28th. Following the remarkably fine production of "Three Live Ghosts" by the February, '24, Class, "On the Hiring Line" hung up a new record in B. H. S. dramatics and drew the largest audience outside of a big athletic event ever assembled in the High School.

"On the Hiring Line" is an effervescing comedy satirizing the ill articulating joints of marital felicity, and the Seniors certainly demonstrated all its squeaks and squalls.

Robert Walker and Marian Thompson gave an emphatic, spongadic twang to the marital discourse struck in the first act when the rising curtain revealed poor Walker reposing like a lump of unblended suet in the pudding of Matrimony. But then, Marian Thompson was his wife, a theatrical nosegay, rudely transported to a rural atmosphere insolent with sumach, wild carrots and burdock. Naturally, she rebelled at her malodorous surroundings and sought to free herself by a terrible case of defactory blues.

"Pansy" Sanger, an unchaperoned spouse forsaken in love, in idleness blossomed nearly with a chauffeur caretaker—Warren, the Wily Dalzell, who with ruses and romance likening meek little straw-thatched Helen Horan to a spud confessed his ardor, passion for the esculent tuber. "I'm Irish," he protested, "and would do anything for a potato!" He did.

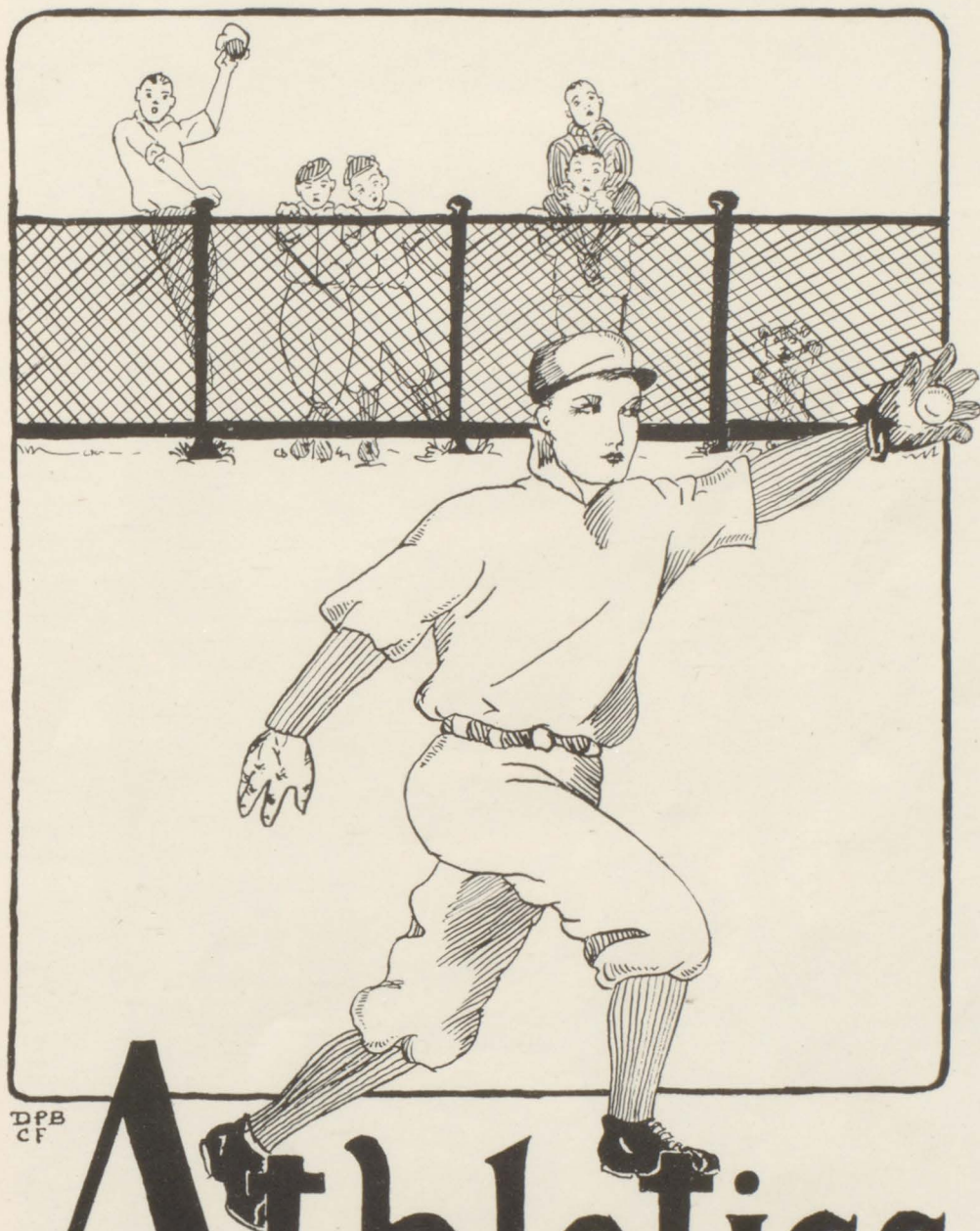
Kenneth Catlin, the prodigal husband of "Pansy" Sanger came back to his rural hearthstone just in time to learn that absence does not always make the heart grow fonder. But fortunately, he did not roughneck his fair wife with Othello massages.

Ernest Chabot, an undiscovered star of the stage, who felt like a faun and acted like a Bromo-Seltzer sedative, was mainly responsible for the "ripping mawning in the country."

Herbert Karrish was the uprearing heart in the rose-garden while Florence James, his dynamic-as-dynamite spouse, did some real blasting, finally shocking and shattering the amusing delusions of their male-factor consorts.

The play was realistically staged by the Milard France Studio of New York and was the most professional looking show ever put on by High School Amateurs in Bloomfield.





DPB  
CF

# Athletics



BASKETBALL TEAM, '23-'24



## Basketball—'23-'24

Coach .....	William L. Foley
Captain .....	John Keefe
Manager .....	Samuel C. Pierson
Assistant Manager .....	Thomas Finnerty

The Basketball team finished a very successful season, having won both the annual contests with our arch rival, Glen Ridge, besides winning twelve of the eighteen games played. Morristown High was the only team to have any decided advantage over us, of those that defeated us. Montclair High defeated us twice but their advantage was very small. The first game ended in a one point win and the second was tied at the regulation end.

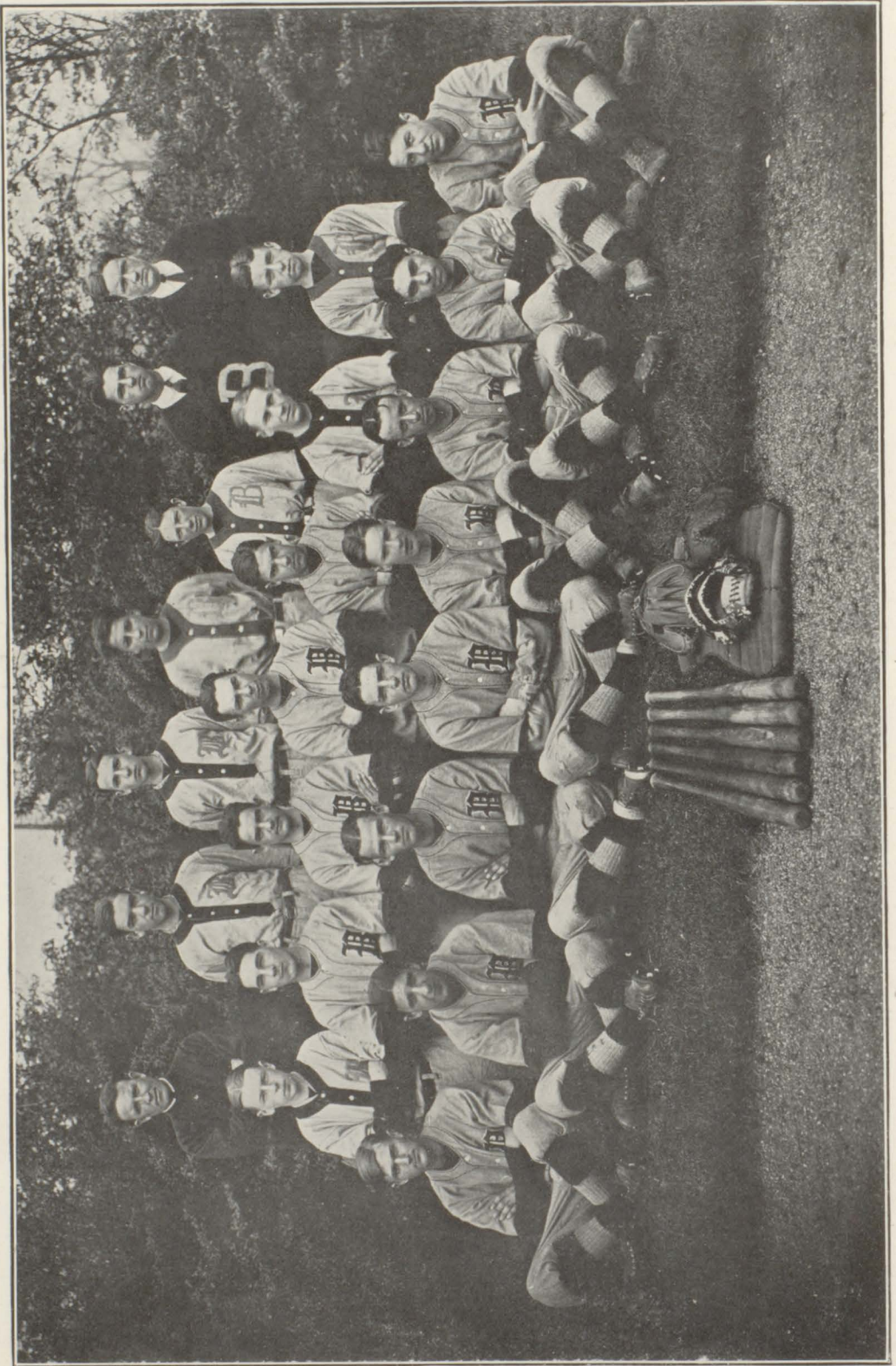
The team won a number of games at the beginning of the season by big scores, but Montclair High spilled the beans by copping a one point win on our own court. Saturday of the same week the team breezed through the first big game of the year, beating the Glen Ridge team 30 to 28. After a win over Belleville High the team met its first serious trouble when Morristown High came out ahead in an exceedingly fast game on our court, by the score 22-17. The next week the team ran up against the same team on their own court and gave them a stiff battle before the Morristown boys could call themselves the victors. George Buttinghausen's N. Y. Stock Exchange boys found their experience did not go far when they fell before the High School basket cagers. The Glen Ridge gym was packed on the night of the second game and after a spell of stage fright the Red and Grey forged to the front, the victor in a 24 to 20 game. In the first round of the championship tournament Bloomfield was eliminated with a 23 to 18 score, by Morristown High, who lasted until the semi-finals.

Captain Jack Keefe, Theodore Abramowitch and Robert Walker played exceptionally well all the season, while Joe Mercurio and Earl Hoagland came through at different times. The members of the team who were awarded B's were: Captain John Keefe, Bob Walker, Theodore Abramowitch, Joe Mercurio, Earl Hoagland, Bert Ellor, Stewart Dalzell and John Ruvo. The scores of the games were as follows:

January		Bloomfield Opponents	
9	Bloomfield Seminary, home.....	24	13
11	Hillside, home .....	51	14
16	Caldwell, home .....	48	13
18	Paterson, home .....	51	17
23	Montclair, home .....	25	26
26	Glen Ridge, home .....	30	28
30	Belleville, away .....	31	19
February			
1	Morristown, home .....	17	22
6	Lincoln, home .....	56	14
8	Morristown, away .....	29	38
13	Hillside, away .....	37	17
16	New York Stock Exchange.....	37	21
19	Montclair, away .....	25	28
21	Paterson, away .....	25	49
27	Nutley, home .....	26	17
29	Glen Ridge, away .....	24	20
March			
5	Belleville, home .....	31	27
9	Morristown .....	18	23

SAMUEL C. PIERSON,  
Manager, '24.





BASEBALL TEAM, '24



## Baseball

Coach.....	William Foley
Captain.....	Robert Walker
Manager.....	Thomas Finnerty
Assistant Manager.....	Carl Hoagland

At the time of this writing the Baseball team is one of the three leading contenders for the New Jersey Interscholastic Baseball Championship. With ten victories and no defeats the present season easily may be called the best in the history of the school. This record speaks well for Lang Mendles, who has pitched them all. With one game still to play the team has a good chance to come through with a clean slate.

After drubbing Belleville to the tune of 11 to 5 the team traveled to Morristown where Mendles engaged in a pitching duel with Rood. Each pitcher allowed five hits, but Bloomfield won by bunching their hits. The Newark Academy game was a slaughter; with a total of twenty-three hits Bloomfield High ran away with a 19 to 3 win. Paterson High fell hard when Bert Ellor's homer broke up the ball game. After two games were called off on account of rain Lang Mendles had another turn against Belleville. This turned out to be a pitchers' duel which Lang won. In the two contests against Belleville, he allowed but eight hits, five in the first and three in the second. Caldwell High, who had been traveling at a great pace, was out to bust our rep, but went home busted. Irvington, an exceptionally strong team, went down in defeat by a 6 to 4 score. Lang Mendles' former teammates from Lincoln High were the next to fall before his slants. The second game with Morristown was ours from the beginning. Scoring twelve runs in the first three innings the game was sewed up early, Bloomfield winning 12 to 5. The remaining game is with Montclair, our big rival in every sport, we winning the first game 10 to 4.

The team has a good batting average, especially Ellor, Edden, Walker and Mercurio. The boys who have played in the majority of the games are: Captain Bob Walker, Lang Mendles, Joe Mercurio, Lauren Tuttle, Earnie Hambacker, Harold Edden, Walt McCormick, Bert Ellor, Harry Frantzen and George Kern.

The record:

		B. H. S. Opponents	
April			
23	Belleville H. S.....	11	5
25	Morristown H. S.....	4	0
30	Lincoln H. S.....	Rain	Rain
May			
2	Newark Academy .....	19	3
7	Paterson H. S.....	4	2
9	Newark Prep. ....	Rain	Rain
16	Belleville H. S.....	5	0
21	East Side H. S.....	Rain	Rain
23	Caldwell H. S.....	11	5
26	Irvington H. S.....	6	4
28	Lincoln H. S.....	6	5
June			
2	Morristown H. S.....	12	5
6	Montclair H. S.....	10	4
9	Montclair H. S.....	1	3

## Chant de Mer

Oh, I hear the crash of the rushing white  
And the drum of the Ocean's heaves,  
That speed up the shore in the pale moonlight—  
I love the sea that moves.

With a bucking heave of its towering swell,  
And a thunderous crashing roar—  
That can force you down thru a smoth'ring hell,  
Or like a mother bear you a-shore.

Yes, I love it all, the wide, wide sea—  
Both with moonbeams bright a-gleam,  
Or the hell where you live thru eternity  
In an instant's flashing dream.

Then let me go to the glorious sea,  
For I'll love it all to the end,  
And the sea shall be like a mother to me,  
And more, far more than a friend.

Have you seen the sea in its strangest moods?  
No? Then you've lost all eternity;  
For you've lost why the woodmen desire the woods  
And the seamen desire the sea.

And I am of them, for the heart in my breast,  
In the westering breeze o'er the sea  
Shall sing on the breast of the sea as I'll rest  
On thru eternity. G. M.

## Jest a Thinkin'

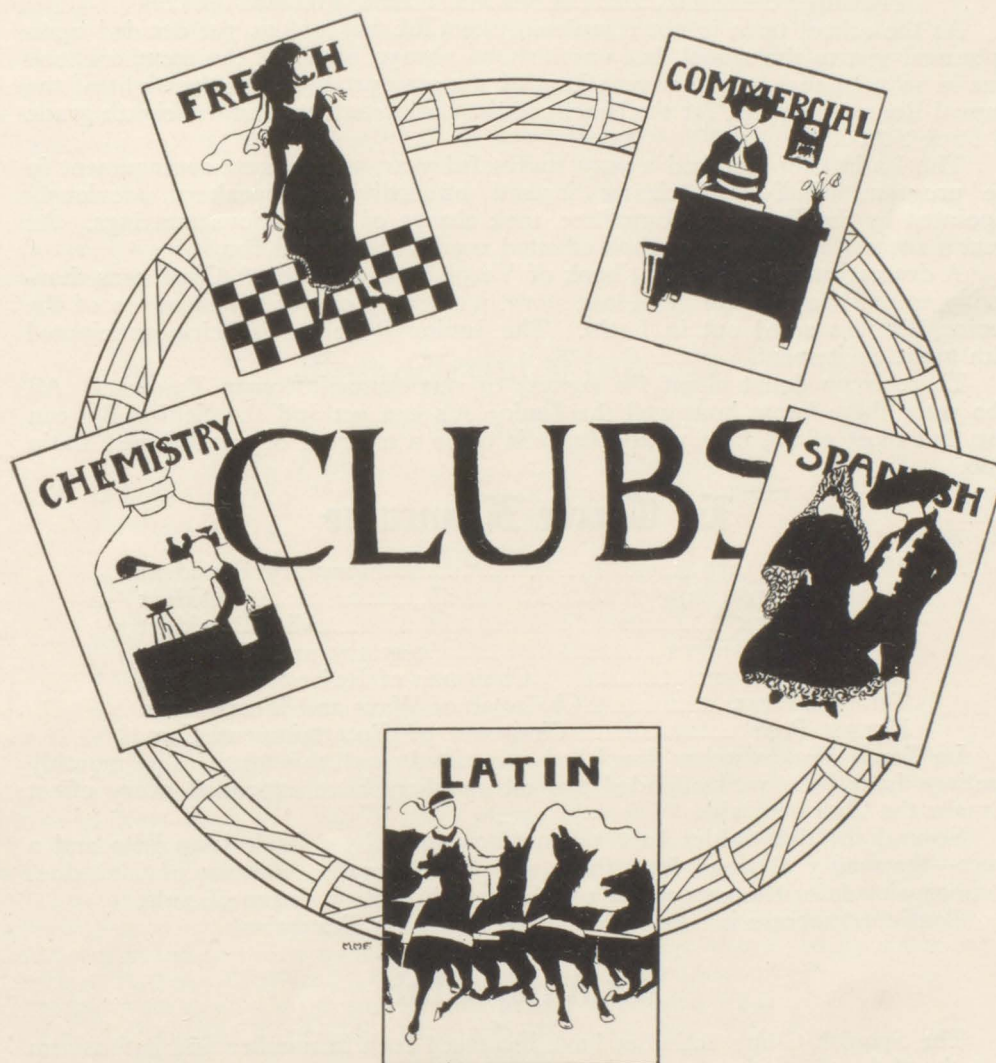
I was settin', jest a settin'  
Lazy on a river bank;  
Watched the mist rise in the valley  
An' it hung there white an' dank.

Still I set there—jest a watchin',  
And a breeze came o'er the fen;  
Set the fog a driftin' slowly,  
Like the evil among men.

An' my mind thought how, relaxin',  
Men let evil crawl unseen,  
As the rifted fog wreathes slowly  
Trailed from off the marshes green.

An' I thought of how to stop it—  
Dam an' drain the reedy fen;  
But the only trouble is that  
We can't drain the hearts of men.  
G. M.





## Latin Club

Motto: "*Ubi Mel, Ibi Apes.*"

### OFFICERS

Honorary President .....	MISS GAY
President .....	DOROTHY COLVIN
Vice-President .....	IDA RAISBECK
Secretary .....	FRANCES JAEGER
Treasurer .....	WILLIAM PORZER

As the school term is not completed, the Club has not as yet decided upon its annual gift to the school, but unselfish, as always, some of the members took time in school hours to give a repetition of the play produced on the night of the Annual Roman Banquet, for the benefit of the Latin students and the eighth grade of Park School.

The Latin Club has had a very successful year, with a new arrangement in the program. Individual classes instead of individual speakers previously appointed by the Program Committee, took charge of the various meetings. As great a success as the new method effected was hardly hoped for.

A dramatization of the first book of Vergil by the Senior A Class, was thoroughly enjoyed; also an original love story, written by one of the members of the Senior B's was acted out in Latin. The Junior B debate is being anticipated with great excitement.

There is no doubt about the success of our Annual Roman Banquet. All who were there know how well the Junior A's can act and the Senior B's can sing, but most of all, how wonderful it is to be a member of our beloved Latin Club.

## La Cercle Francaise

MISS A. HEARTZ .....	Honorary President
MARION THOMPSON .....	President
IDA RAISBECK .....	Vice-President
ANGELYN BURROWS .....	Secretary and Treasurer
HELEN SCHEFFEL .....	Chairman of Refreshment Com.
THOMAS DYAL .....	Chairman of Ways and Means Com.
HELEN POST .....	Chairman of Entertainment Com.

La Cercle Française has flourished exceedingly well this term. The monthly meetings have been well attended and all members have expended every effort to make the Club profitable.

Several social activities have taken place—namely, a Mah Jong Fête and a dance—the money obtained from these, and also from the collecting of Club dues is appropriated for the support of a little French orphan, Jeanne Loade.

Continued success is hoped for. Vive La Cercle Française!

## Spanish Club

The Spanish Club's activities have increased both in number and enthusiasm over the clubs of previous years.

On February 12, we took a trip to New York. "The Spanish House at Wanamaker's Store, and "The Spanish Museum" were among the places of interest which were visited. The trip ended with a good show, all returning home at 6:30.

We have held two social affairs in the way of dances, both of which turned out successfully. Ice cream and cake were the refreshments for these occasions.

In April we went to Verona Lake for an afternoon's pleasure. The outing taking the form of a "Hot Dog Roast."

We are now planning another trip before the closing of school.



## Chemistry Club

MR. O. J. WALRATH.....	Honorary President
KENNETH CATLIN .....	President
WILLIAM PORZER.....	Vice-President
DOROTHY COLVIN .....	Secretary
ROBERT WOODWORTH .....	Treasurer

The purpose of the Chemistry Club is to promote interest in the study of chemistry by taking trips to places where the practical application of chemistry may be seen. During this term the members of the Club went on two trips—one to the telephone exchange in Montclair, and one to Castle's Heathized Ice Cream Factory, in Irvington, where we received very good treatment. One or two of the cars lost their way, but we were all there when it was time to eat.

On March 17th the Chemistry Club held a dance in the Community House. Music was furnished by the Brentwood Orchestra, and everyone seemed to have a good time, for we have heard many of the members express a desire to hold another dance soon.

Every year the Chemistry Club offers a prize to the student who has had the highest average in Chemistry for one year.

## Commercial Club

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MR. THORPE.....	Chairman
MR. FITZGERALD .....	ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY
NORMAN HEYL .....	HILDA NEWMAN

### OFFICERS

President .....	CLAIRE BARNES
Vice-President .....	HAROLD EDDEN
Secretary .....	FRIEDA ABEND
Treasurer .....	IDA GARLOCK

The Commercial Club has completed one of the most successful terms, carrying out all plans and having a larger membership than ever.

The purpose of the Club is to bring the commercial students into direct contact with the business world. This is accomplished by taking trips to the business centers of New York City and to other places of interest.

On Wednesday, April 9th, the Club visited the S. S. *Leviathan* when it was docked at New York and in the middle of May a trip was made to Ellis Island.

Our typewriting department, which is represented in the Club, has been very successful in its undertakings this term. The students take Underwood and Remington speed tests for awards once a month. The winners are as follows:

- Clare Barnes—Certificate, Bronze Medal and Card Case.
- Hilda Newman—Certificate, Bronze Medal and Card Case.
- David Hilowitz—Card Case, Bronze Medal.
- Frieda Abend—Card Case, Bronze Medal.
- Edna Peters—Card Case.
- Mildred Ferguson—Card Case.
- Doris Sanger—Certificate.
- Helen Levandoski—Certificate, Bronze Medal.
- Joseph Mercurio—Certificate, Bronze Medal.
- Gordon Miller—Certificate.
- Herbert Karrash—Certificate.
- Olga Fausel—Certificate, Bronze Medal.



THE B. H. S. ORCHESTRA



TO W J B

(Mr. Bryan denies our descent from monkeys. I herewith respectfully submit evidence to the contrary. A. K. A.)

A tom-tom thudded  
Through a jungle night  
Where primal ape-folks  
Danced in white moonlight  
And the weird wild screams  
of the ape-folks rose  
Through the full-mooned night  
To tell of their woes  
And the deep-toned challenge  
Of the fight rang out  
And echoed through the jungle  
And 'round about  
And again the bellow  
Arose through the night  
In deep-lunged accents  
And was answered right  
By a huge young buck  
With a scream and a roar  
And they clinched and slashed  
The king got sore  
With an awful rap  
Between the eyes  
And got his rival  
Headed for paradise

And he saw stars fly  
In a flashing stream  
And it all had happened  
In an instant's gleam  
As the young buck 'rose  
To his pins once more  
He said the king  
Was a terrible bore  
And smashed him down  
With a twenty-pound rock  
The king dropped still  
And lay like a block  
And the big young buck  
Stood there in his place  
And dared the others  
Face to face  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, this is no sonnet,  
With jewels be-dight,  
But the tale of a struggle  
And a jungle fight.

That echoed through ape-land  
And out to sea,  
How do I know?  
The buck was me.

A. King Ape.

## One Dark Night

I walked along the lonely street,  
'Twas dark as dark could be,  
I took my steps both short and slow,  
My eyes could hardly see.

Then suddenly, with one accord,  
I gave a feverish bound,  
For from a dark porch near at hand,  
There came a quick, sharp sound.

I knew my duty was to stay,  
And see what was the cause,  
But when I heard the sound again,  
I didn't even pause.

My mind imagined burglars, who  
Were breaking down the door,  
Or a fire caused by carelessness,  
As a match dropped on the floor.

Then fled I swiftly down the street,  
And rang the fire bell,  
"Police!" I called by telephone,  
And "Murder!" I did yell.

The engines came at lightning speed,  
They stopped right at the door,  
The policemen beat them to it though,  
Such speed was ne'er before.

They all made one rush at the house,  
To stage a mighty fight,  
When suddenly some one inside,  
Switched on the front porch light.

'Twas then my error I realized,  
Mine was a sorry plight,  
The noises I had heard were just,  
Him kissing her "Good-night."

THOMAS FRENCH.

## Prizes

### Bloomfield High School, June, 1924

EUCLEIAN FUND PRIZE—Highest Grade in English

Awarded to { HILDA NEWMAN  
DOROTHY COLVIN

LATIN CLUB PRIZE—Highest Grade in Latin

Awarded to DOROTHY COLVIN

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE ALUMNI PRIZE

Highest Grades in Mathematics and Sciences

Awarded to ROBERT WALKER.

COMMERCIAL CLUB PRIZE—Highest Grade in all Commercial Subjects

Awarded to HILDA NEWMAN.

CHEMISTRY CLUB PRIZE—Highest Grade in Chemistry

Awarded to ROBERT WALKER.

JAMES T. BOYD COUNCIL, JR. O. U. A. M., SILK FLAG PRIZE

Highest Grade in Problems of American Democracy

Awarded to FRANK DELFOSSE.

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI PRIZE

High Scholastic Attainments, and Member of Athletic Teams

Awarded to ROBERT WALKER.

JOHN LOBEL MEMORIAL CUP

Awarded to ROBERT WALKER.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE MEDAL

Awarded to KENNETH CATLIN

By Board of Education for Perfect Attendance during his Entire School Life of  
Thirteen Years.





## Intelligence Test

1. Check the true statement.
  - a. Mr. Smith doesn't comb his hair because—
    1. He doesn't have to.
    2. He hasn't any comb.
2. Underline word to complete the comparison.
  - a. Baby is to shoes as seven is to—  
(Two, eleven, five, four, thirteen.)
  - b. Cabbage is to corned beef as ham is to—  
(Sandwiches, mustard, eggs, pastry.)
3. Check words to complete sentences.
  - a. We find sarcasm in—  
(Dictionary, Room 209A.)
  - b. Ed. likes—  
(Marion, Caesar, Washington, Himself.)
  - c. The bad egg is—  
(Sick, embalmed, in the lunch room.)
4. Cross out word that doesn't belong here.

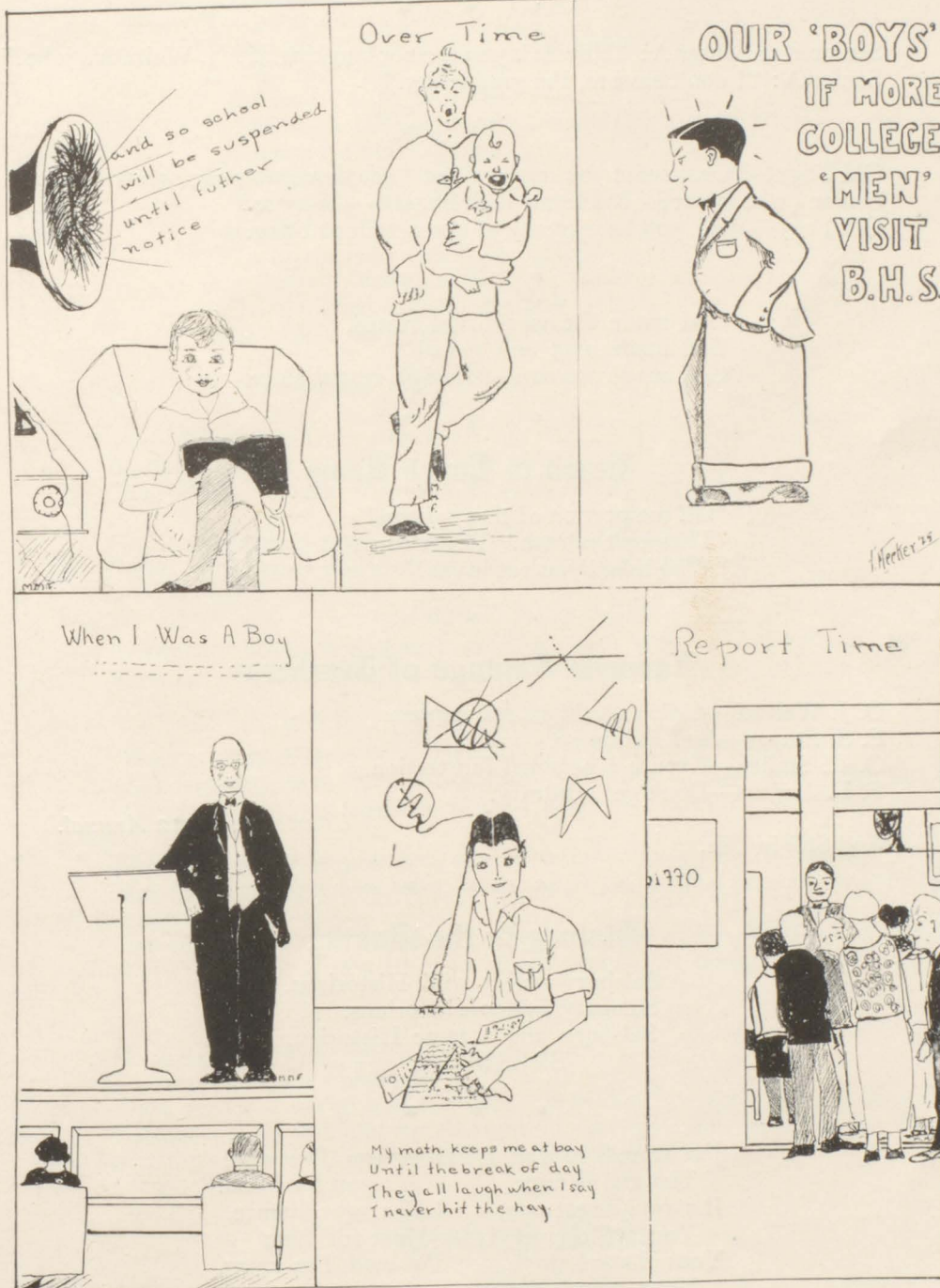
There was an old owl that lived in an oak—  
The more he listened the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard  
Why can't (Klein, Crosby, Haupin) be like that bird?

  - a. Wilson, Harding, Roosevelt, McKinley, Foley.
  - b. Sabina, Marion, Margaret, Dot, Dalzell.
  - c. Physical training, lunch, study, assembly, Trig.
5. Check false statements if any.
  - a. Seniors work hard.
  - b. Geography is a hard subject.
  - c. It's easy to cut classes.
  - d. Teachers don't give homework.
  - e. Brown Bread sandwiches in the Lunch Room are good.
  - f. There is salt in the salt shakers in the Lunch Room.

## PRIZES

1. One year Scholarship in B. H. S.
2. 1909 Annual.
3. Satisfaction of passing a real hard test.
4. A hand-painted picture of the class *Trio* in action.
5. A cameo of Friedman and Chabot.





## THE B. H. S.

---

You may be excused for being blue, but never for being green.

\* \* \*

Senior B to Senior A: "How is it you are not laughing at Mr. Walrath's joke?"  
Senior A: "I don't have to, I'm graduating."

\* \* \*

Old Foggy—Young man, you ought to get a job demonstrating safety razors.  
Senior (who is not on bad terms with himself—Why so?)  
Old Foggy—Well, you have plenty of cheek for one thing.

\* \* \*

God made the world and rested,  
God made man and rested.  
God made woman—nobody's rested since.

\* \* \*

### Heard in Lunch Room

"Gif me portion of that salmon."  
"That isn't salmon. That's ham."  
"Who asked you vat it vas?"

\* \* \*

### Favorite Sayings of Teachers

O. J. Walrath—Only two things can happen.  
E. S. Stover—And rightly so.  
O. R. Smiley—Excuse a personal illustration.  
F. L. Andrus—Don't get arbitrary.

*Courtesy of 1912 Annual.*

And Still in Use.

\* \* \*

### History in the Making

Salsbury and 3 wild Historians.  
Salsbury and 2 Historians.  
Salsbury and 1 tame Historian.  
SALSBUURY.

\* \* \*

I've won, I've won,	I've won, I've won,
The girl is mine,	It's you I've won.
It's you, sweet one,	I kiss your picture,
You are divine.	Just for fun;
Your marcel wave,	I'm mad, I'm crazy,
Your dainty fan;	Gone insane,
I can't behave,	My sight is hazy—
I am a man.	In school again.



## THE B. H. S.

### ODDS AND ENDS

I have a new typ-eWriter.  
Andd it is my de;light  
To patter on it gailY  
And wrIte, and write | | and Write\$  
It aidss mE in my laborss9  
When I (m in Worki&G vein\*  
It makeS A GREAt improvEmEnt $\frac{3}{4}$ )  
I write So veRY pLain.  
It oPerates sosw!FtIY\$\*  
That when yDu find you're sTuck;;) and  
CannoT fi&d the letter  
Just6jab—and trusT to luck6\$)  
It's Easy—VEasy eaSY—  
To opeRAte it then ' ;;;\$6& $\frac{3}{4}$ o.  
Now where on earth's that colon!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Give me my ink and pen!

Cole—Whar you from stranger?

Black—Australia.

Cole—Well, you sho does talk English fluidly fur a forner.

Prof.—Give me a good example of a coincidence?

Frosh—My father and mother were married the same day.

### SIMPLE SARCASM

Friedman (posing for photo)—Pardon me. What will they come to?

Sherman—Sixty-five dollars a dozen, now look pleasant, please!

### WHY TEACHERS GROW OLD QUICKLY

"Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption from the Vatican."

"The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women, only more terrible."

"Edward the Third would have been King of France if his mother had been a man."

"Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward."

"George Washington married Mary Curtis and in due time became the father of his country."

"An index is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that is printed in the front part of the book."

### NO SALE

Book Agent—Have you children in school?

Farmer—Yes; two boys and a girl.

Book Agent—You're just the man. Why not buy them an encyclopedia?

Farmer—Well, it might be all right for the girl—but by gum, the boys are no better than me—and I had to walk to school all my life.

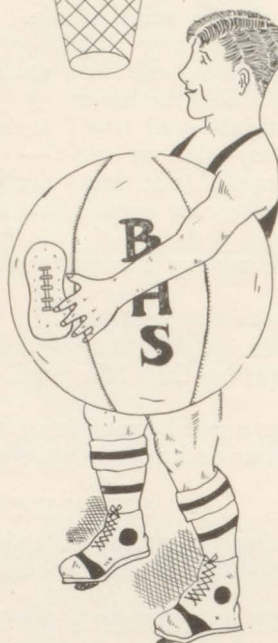
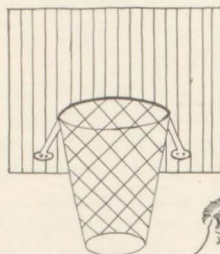
## History Made

### STOVER

Stover and one tamed Historian.

Stover and two tamed Historians.

Stover and three tamed Historians.



KRI99s<sup>27</sup>

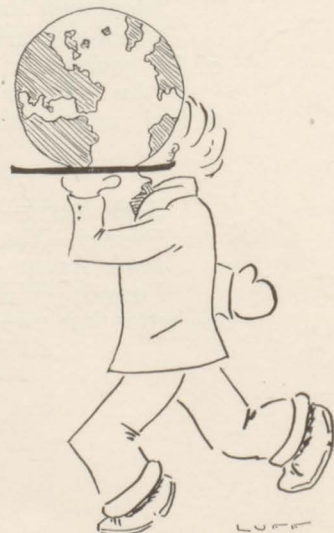


A SENIOR WAS I  
AND NOW BY HECK  
I HAVE NOT THE PIE  
BUT THE WORLD ON MY NECK



Bloomfield

30~Jan., 26~28 Glenridge  
24~Feb., 29~20  
A good reason for the sorrow



LUFF



## Stop! Don't Read This

*By Their Features Shall Ye Know Them*

*This is not a sermon, but a means of identification should you meet them in the dark. This is strictly copyrighted and not to be used for reference.*

LET'S GO!

## THE B. H. S.

---

Schoner ..... Hungry Look  
 Karrash ..... Waddle  
 Friedman ..... Ears  
 Chabot ..... Beard  
 Walker ..... Marcelle  
 Fisher ..... Speed  
 Abramowitch ..... Mouth  
 Fairweather ..... Imagination  
 Mercurio ..... Part in Middle  
 Catlin ..... Bow Ties  
 Woodworth ..... Boyishness  
 Hustler ..... Music?  
 Luff ..... Altitude  
 Maroney ..... One-hand Driving  
 Miller ..... Conscientiousness  
 Gibson ..... Hair Comb  
 Del Fosse ..... Politics  
 Hughes ..... Trousers  
 Dalzell ..... Irish Wit  
 Horan ..... Pep  
 Schaefer ..... Eyes  
 Perkins ..... Baby Stare  
 Colvin ..... Appetite  
 Thompson ..... Noise  
 Darling ..... Name

Sanger ..... Colors  
 Preston ..... Patience  
 Barnes ..... Red Hair  
 Garlock ..... Shortness  
 Newman ..... Seriousness  
 Babbitt ..... Temperament  
 Bill ..... Kicking  
 Sauer ..... Smile  
 Hollenback ..... Complexion  
 Wilcox ..... Silence  
 Cardamone ..... Complex (Pollyanna)  
 Maioran ..... Cheerfulness  
 Fredericks ..... Make-up  
 Kimber ..... Dancing  
 Raemch ..... Bluffing  
 James ..... Figure  
 Gershon ..... Red Cheeks  
 Strazza ..... Black Eyes  
 Levendowski ..... Cosmetics  
 Hanley ..... Goodness  
 Morrison ..... Reserve  
 Peters ..... Poise  
 Ferguson ..... Typewriting  
 Hetzel ..... Brevity  
 Fausel ..... Hopefulness



## Troubles of the Board of Editors

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

May 20th, 1924.

Board of Editors,

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find six dollars (\$6) which is to be distributed among you. Kindly keep me in mind when making out write-ups.

Hopefully yours,

Name Withheld.

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

May 16th, 1924.

My dear Mr. Friedman:

Please don't publish the fact that I went to the Lincoln Theatre last Wednesday.

Confidentially,

(Signed) K. Catlin.

Bloomfield, N. J., May 31, 1924.

Advertising Manager,

B. H. S. Annual.

Dear Mr. Catlin:

Please add to my one-tenth page ad, that I sell the following articles:

- "Peter's" Chocolate.
- "Babbitt's" Soap.
- "Sauer" Pickles.
- "Darling" Milk.
- "Big Ben" Alarm Clocks.
- "Bill" Folders.
- Baby "Karashes."
- "Miller" Tires.
- "Fisher's" Bread.
- "Sanger" Sewing Machine.
- "Duke's" Mixture.
- "Gibson's" Musical Instruments.
- "Frederick's" Pies.
- "Morrison's" Fountain Pens.
- "Walker" Shoes.
- "Catlin" Guns.

Please do not crowd my advertisements.

Very truly yours,

V. RIETY.

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

June 20th, 1924.

My dear Miss Smith:

We are going abroad as the Year Book is now ready for publication. Please forward mail to 1086 Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J.

Regretfully yours,

The Board of Editors.

## The Love Lorn

My dear Etta Lot:

I'm a poor High School boy in love with a heartless flapper. She's a vegetarian and has a great weakness for lettuce. Whenever we go out it's always, "Lettuce eat, Lettuce take a taxi, Lettuce dance, and Lettuce see a show." Do you think she'd make me a good wife?

ISADORE AJAR.

Answer: Well, two can starve as cheaply as one.

\* \* \*

My dear Etta Lot:

I'm a red-headed boy in love with an oxide blonde. Our hair doesn't match. She refuses to marry me.

IN TROUBLE.

Sorry, but this is not a dyeing establishment.

\* \* \*

Miss dear Miss Etta Lot:

I am in great trouble. My secretary threatens to leave me. Last week I received six letters from Pola Negri, five from Gloria Swanson, twelve from Ringling's bearded ladies. These are only a few examples. What shall I do?

EDDIE ———.

Ans.: I am sorry for you, Ed.; you're doomed! It's your fate.

Whose Izzy Is He, Is He Yours or Is He Mine? Theodore Abramowitch.

"So This Is Venice." Ernest Chabot.

"That Red Head Gal." Claire Barnes.

"Easy Melody." B. H. S. Orchestra.

"Somebody's Wrong." Faculty.

"I Know what it Means to be Sorry." When reports close.

"That Old Gang of Mine." Class of '24.

"It's Funny What a Little Paint Will Do." Senior girls.

"Lovey Came Back." Francis Del Fosse.

"Pebbles." Charles Hustler.

"A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way." Robert Walker.

"Two Blue Eyes." Mildred Ferguson.

"Minding My Business." Freshmen.

"Who'll Take My Place." Seniors

"Wedding Bells." Mrs. James—Miss McCain.

Mrs. Doyle—Miss Decker.

"Sleepy Head." Grace Wilcox.

Who's Sorry Now." Class of '24.

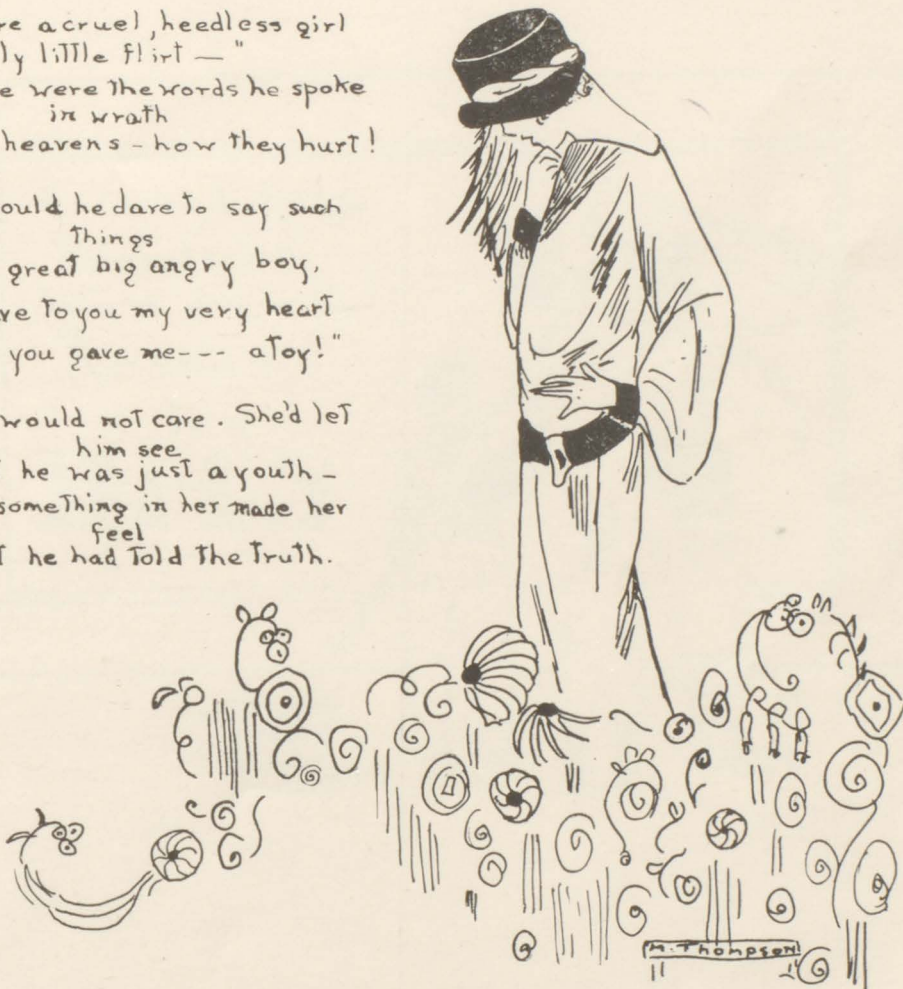
"The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else." Myrtle Hollenbeck.



"You are a cruel, heedless girl  
A silly little flirt —"  
These were the words he spoke  
in wrath  
And heavens — how they hurt!

How could he dare to say such  
Things  
That great big angry boy,  
"I gave to you my very heart  
And you gave me --- a toy!"

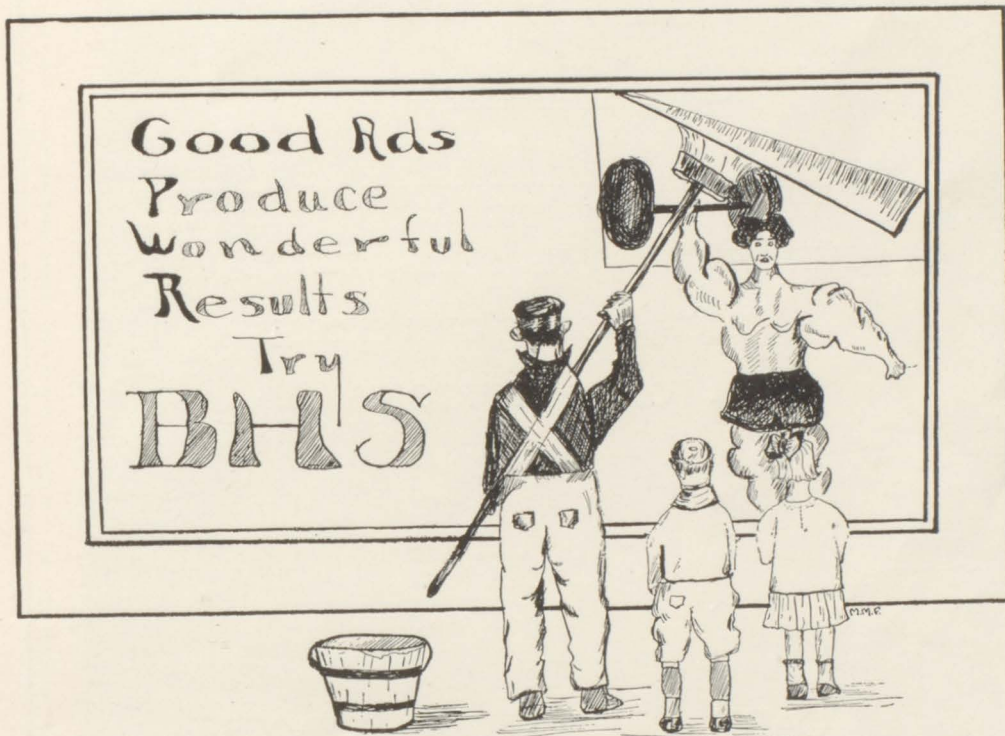
She would not care. She'd let  
him see  
That he was just a youth —  
But something in her made her  
feel  
That he had told the truth.



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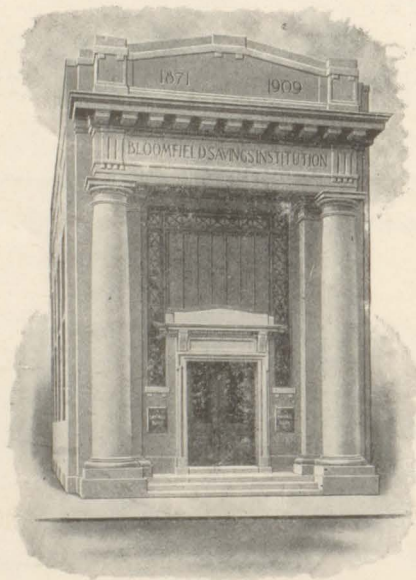
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